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F A B L E S

I N

T W O P A R T S.

W R O T E F O R T H E

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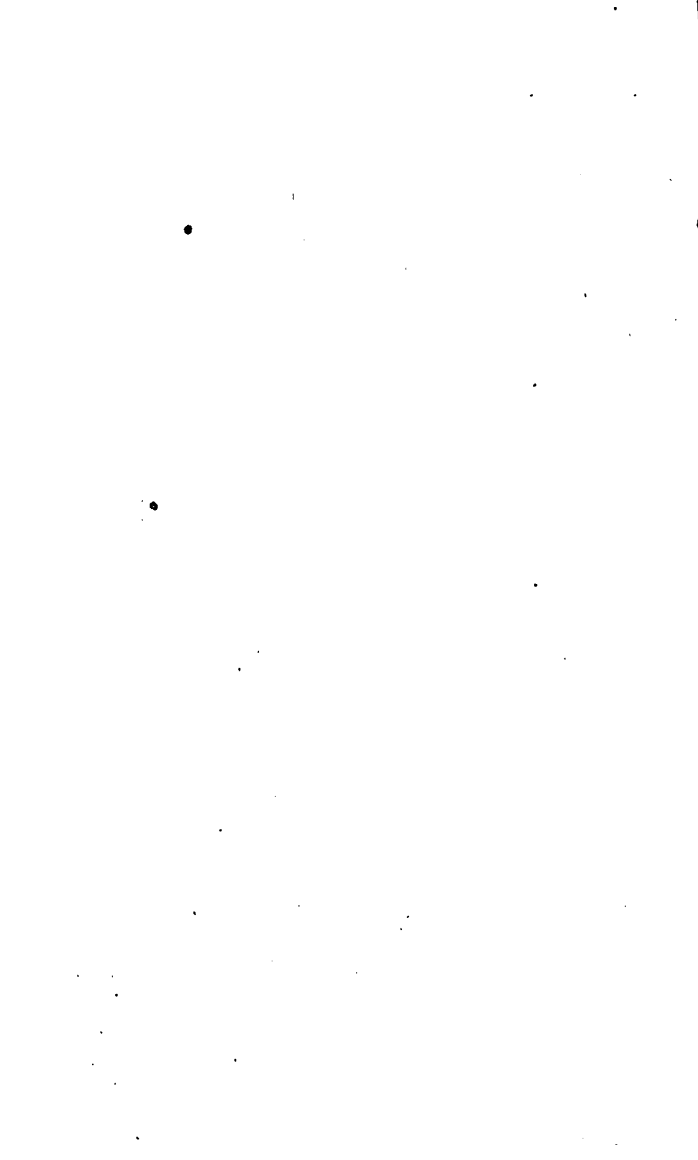
B Y T H E L A T E

M R. J O H N G A Y.

G L A S G O W:

P R I N T E D B Y R O B E R T & A N D R E W F O U L I S

M. D C C. L X I.



TO
HIS HIGHNESS
WILLIAM
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,
THESE NEW FABLES,
INVENTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT,
ARE HUMBLY DEDICATED, BY
HIS HIGHNESS'S
MOST FAITHFUL AND
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
JOHN GAY.



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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FABLES.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and pen'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom, and his honest fame,
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought,
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:
 Who by that search shall wiser grow;
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way;
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy, and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air
 With pious wing protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
 From nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air,
 In conversation overbear;
 Can grave, and formal, pass for wise;
 When men the solemn owl despise?

INTRODUCTION to the FABLES.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain :
We from the wordy torrent fly :
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?
Nor would I with felonious flight
By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
Rapacious animals we hate :
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind ?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just; the sage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise ;
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men ;
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws,
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good and wise.

WILLIAM,

DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

The LION, the TIGER, and the TRAVELLER.

ACCCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
 And in these tales mankind survey;
 With early virtues plant your breast,
 The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth,
 Are strangers to the voice of truth:
 Learn to condemn all praise betimes:
 For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
 Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
 (A virtue never near a throne;)
 In courts such freedom must offend,
 There none presumes to be a friend;
 To those of your exalted station
 Each courtier is a dedication;
 Must I too flatter like the rest,
 And turn my morals to a jest?
 The muse disdains to steal from those,
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
 But shall I hide your real praise,
 Or tell you what a nation says?

They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind;
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood,
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd:
His life the gen'rous hero gave,
Together walking to his cave,
The lion thus bespoke his guest.

What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attend my pow'r and right.

Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own;
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood;
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the man, the strength I saw,
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd. Let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts;
Pirates their power by murders gain,
Wise kings by love and mercy reign;
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne;
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav'n to succour the distressed.

The case is plain, the monarch said;
False glory hath my youth mis-led,
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.

F A B L E II.

The SPANIEL and the CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
 He never knew what learning meant;
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure to win his lady's heart,
 Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
 How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
 He ventures forth to take the air;
 He ranges all the meadow round;
 And rolls upon the softest ground;
 When near him a Cameleon seen
 Was scarce distinguished from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
 What, live with clowns, a genius lost!
 To cities and the court repair,
 A fortune cannot fail thee there;
 Preferment shall thy talents crown.
 Believe me, friend, I know the town,

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
 Of old, politer life I knew;
 Like you, a courtier born and bred
 Kings lean'd their ear to what I said,

F A B L E S,

My whisper always met success,
The ladies prais'd me for address,
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature;
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards,
He punishes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine,
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

F A B L E III.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir;
She saw the nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall,
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame,
Invisible the Fairy came,
'Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid ;
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as flocks ?
See here, a shocking aukward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature,

The woman's blind, the Mother cries,
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord ! Madam, what a squinting leer !
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light,
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply ?
What ! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay !
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another ?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

FABLE IV.

The EAGLE, and the Assembly of ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;
For every thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, 'obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight ;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies ;
Why this disorder ? say the cause :
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal.
To yon four dog I first appeal,

Hard is my lot, the hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies,
While I with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go ;
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view,

F A B L E S.

11

Beyond my sight the prey's secure :
The hound is slow but always sure,
And, had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The lion crav'd the fox's art ;
The fox, the lion's force and heart ;
The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;
The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the cock's matchless valour priz'd :
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

The bird of heaven then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring croud :
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature ?
What, silent all, and none consent !
Be happy then, and learn content.
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

F A B L E V.

The WILD BOAR and the RAM.

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd,

The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight;
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you:
See, see, your murd'rer is in view;
With purple hands and reeking knife
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an antient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbring sons to war,
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

FABLE VI.

The Miser and PLUTUS.

THE wind was high ; the window shakes :

With sudden start the Miser wakes,
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks,
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods, what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice !
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat.
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind :
Gold sow'd the world with every ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill ;
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts :
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his God, before him stood ;
The Miser trembling lock'd his chest,
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ?
Each sordid rascal's daily cant :
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade,
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the tankard of the breast :
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven ;
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay !
Let bravos then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

FABLE VII.

The LION, the FOX, and the GRASS.

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares;
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life,
It was proclaim'd; the day was set;
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The croud
To the new regent humbly bow'd:
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend;
And strive who most shall condescend:
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face,
The croud admire his wit, his sense,
Each word hath weight and consequence;
The flatt'rer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd.

How vast his talents, born to rule;
And train'd in virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways?
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land;
His brain hath stratagem and art,
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.

What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration !

He said. A goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;
If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain,
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race !
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night.

F A B L E VIII.

The LADY and the WASP.

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear !

What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !
Where-e'er her eyes dispense their charms
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike,
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed ?
Chase one, another will succeed.

Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
One fop will recommend another ;
And with this plague she's rightly curst ;
Because she listened to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies,
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires ;
Her fan in vain defends her charms.
Swift he returns, again alarms,
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods, she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies !
Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hovering insect thus complain'd.
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?
Can such offence your anger wake ?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps, like vulgar flies,
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts,
Where-e'er he came the favour boasts.
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew.
Sure of success away they flew;
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with music airy play.
And now they flutter, now they rest.
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

F A B L E IX.

The BULL and the MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, every care employ,
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope,
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire,
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud. Suspend the fight
In a whole skin, go, sleep to-night;

F A B L E S.

Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns.
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame:
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd,
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.

Curst dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore,
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view,)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground,
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.

F A B L E X;

The ELEPHANT and the BOOKSELLER.

THE man, who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils

With various wonders feasts his sight :
What stranger wonders does he write !
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew ;
For, when we risque no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction,
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renoun'd ?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees ;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those, who question this report,
To Pliny's antient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now (like them) the Greek can read !
As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er, ●
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding ;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd,
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit ;
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.

Man with strong reason is endow'd;
 A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
 But let this author's worth be try'd,
 'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
 Can he discern the diff'rent natures,
 And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
 Who by the partial work hath shown
 He knows so little of his own?
 How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
 Did man from him first learn to fawn?
 A dog proficient in the trade!
 He, the chief flatt'rer nature made!
 Go, man, the ways of courts discern,
 You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
 How can the fox's theft and plunder
 Provoke his censure, or his wonder?
 From courtiers tricks, and lawyers arts,
 The fox might well improve his parts.
 The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
 He curses for their thirst of blood;
 But is not man to man a prey?
 Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought, what a genius have I found!
 Then thus address'd with bow profound.

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of Siam,
 No man is better pay than I am;
 Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
 Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
 Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
 E'en keep your money, and be wise;
 Leave man on man to criticise,
 For that you ne'er can want a pen
 Among the senseless sons of men,
 They unprovok'd will court the fray,
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
 No author ever spar'd a brother,
 Wits are game-cocks to one another.

F A B L E XI.

The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, and the GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow,
 The smallest speck is seen in snow.
 As near a barn by hunger led,
 A Peacock with the poultry fed;
 All view'd him with an envious eye,
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry:
 He, conscious of superiour merit,
 Contemns their base reviling spirit,
 His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes,
 Which, like the heavn's o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes;
 The circling rays and varied light
 At once confound their dazzled sight,
 On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns,

Mark, with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose.
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squaling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True. Those are faults, the Peacock cries,
My scream, my shanks, you may despise:
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found;
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of love;
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mold,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
 Address'd the God. Thou purblind chit,
 Of aukward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are no better made,
 At once I must forswear my trade.
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder how they came together.
 The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
 The wife grows flippant in reply;
 He loves command and due restriction,
 And she as well likes contradiction;
 She never slavishly submits,
 She'll have her will, or have her fits;
 He this way tugs, she t'other draws,
 The man grows jealous, and with cause;
 Nothing can save him but divorce,
 And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the Boy, had I to do
 With either your affairs or you?
 I never idly spend my darts;
 You trade in mercenary hearts:
 For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
 Is my hand witness to the deed?
 If they like cat and dog agree,
 Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said; 'Tis true,
 In marriage, gold is all their view;
 They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.
 How can Belinda blame her fate?
 She only ask'd a great estate.
 Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
 Her lord must give her title too;
 And ev'ry man, or rich, or poor,
 A fortune asks and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its care.

F A B L E XIII.

The TAME STAG.

As a young Stag the thicket past,
 The branches held his antlers fast.

A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now, safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord :
His lord was pleas'd : as was the clown,
When he was tipt with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife,
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin ! how speck'd like ermine !
Sure never creature was so charming !

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind ;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
And distant awe presumes to gaze,
Munches the linnen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines ;
He steals my little master's bread ;
Follows the servants to be fed ;
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands ;
Examines every fist for meat,
And though repuls'd disdains retreat ;
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight :
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace ;
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand :
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms ;

F A B L E S.

From tent to tent she spreads her flame :
For custom conquers fear and shame.

F A B L E XIV.

The MONKEY who had seen the World.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home :
So forth he fares, all toil defies :
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold ; (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls ; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman,
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grow dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd,
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-well ;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress,
 Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
 His drapper perriwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending;
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
 But all, with envy and desire,
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear, and improve, he pertly cries;
 I come to make a nation wise;
 Weigh your own worth; support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways:
 Their dress, their courtly manners see;
 Reform your state, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive? In flatt'ry deal,
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal,
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends,
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit,
 Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit;
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit;
 Boldly to every thing pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend;
 I knew the great. Observe me right,
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
 The wondring circle grin'd applause.

Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite,
 And fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears,
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

F A B L E XV.

The PHILOSOPHER and the PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
 Through the deep forest took his way;
 Drawn by the music of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves;
 From tree to tree, the warbling throats
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
 But where he past he terror threw,
 The song broke short, the warblers flew,
 The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
 And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
 All animals before him ran
 To shun the hateful sight of man.
 Whence is this dread of every creature?
 Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
 His ear imperfect accents caught ;
 With cautious step he nearer drew,
 By the thick shade conceal'd from view :
 High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
 Around her all her list'ning brood,
 Proud of the blessings of her nest,
 She thus a mother's care exprest.

No dangers here shall circumvent,
 Within the woods enjoy content.
 Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
 Than man ; of animals the worst ;
 In him ingratitude you find,
 A vice peculiar to the kind.
 The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd,
 To guard his health, and serve his pride,
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.
 The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
 His hives with wax and honey fill,
 In vain whole summer days employ'd,
 Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
 What tribute from the goose is paid !
 Does not her wing all science aid ?
 Does it not lovers hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain ?
 What now rewards this general use ?
 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his ways,
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

FABLE XVI.

The PIN and the NEEDLE.

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd;
But could she partial fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?
At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm,
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat,
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires,
What least was understood admires;
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?
A needle, says th'interpreter.

She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool,

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstrefs in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paultry flint and you?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake.
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand,
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.

F A B L E XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the woods secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day:

In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare,
In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce, replies the Wolf? 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus-begun.

How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt:
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh,
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burns with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech,
To him repeat the moving speech;
A wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men,
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

F A B L E XVIII.

The PAINTER, who pleased No Body and Every Body.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The trav'ler, leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds ;
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
 But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
 The flatter'd always take your word ;
 Impossibilities seem just,
 They take the strongest praise on trust ;
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew ;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
 To bloom restor'd the faded maid ;
 He gave each muscle all its strength
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
 His honest pencil, touch'd with truth,
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.
 He lost his friends, his practise fail'd,
 Truth should not always be reveal'd ;

In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever fate, he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each aukward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My lord appear'd, and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all their native fire;
The feature fraught with sense and wit
You'll grant are very hard to hit,
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long,
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh, pardon me, the artist cry'd,
In this we painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.

My lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace
 He from his Vénus form'd her face,
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art ;
 So like the picture in his heart !
 To every age somè charm he lent,
 Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd,
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
 Had he the réal likeness shown,
 Would any man the picture own ?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

F A B L E XIX.

The Lion and the Cub.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base !
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly ;
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke ;
 There o'er some petty club preside,
 So poor, so paultry is there pride !
 Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-Cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind ;

Fond of applause, he fought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts.
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president,
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in every thing, but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke:
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays, the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curst vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation;
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe, the Cub replies?
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride, returns the sire,
All fools are vain, when fools admire!

But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

F A B L E XX.

The OLD HEN and the COCK.

RESTRAIN your child: you'll soon believe
The text; which says, we sprung from Eve;

As an old Hen led forth her train;
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground;
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.

A cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares;
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told;
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread:
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,

And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law ;
Near and more near each day he drew
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge ? he cries ;
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave ?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race ?
And would she thus my search prevent ?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck ; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe ;
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears ;
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew ;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.

I ne'er had been in this condition
But for my mother's prohibition.

FABLE XXI.

The RAT-CATCHER and CATS.

THE rats by night such mischief did,
 Betty was every morning chid :
 They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
 Her cheefe was sapp'd, her tarts were taken,
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
 She curs'd the cat for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.

An engineer, of noted skill,
 Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys,
 Their haunts, their works, their secret ways,
 Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
 And whence the nightly fally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,
 Unseen, attends his silent pace :
 She saw, that, if his trade went on,
 The purring race must be undone ;
 So, secretly removes his baits,
 And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
 And pufs again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
 My schemes thus nightly countermines ?
 Incens'd, he cries : this very hour
 The wretch shall bleed beneath my power.

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
 And in the fact poor pufs was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
 A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
 For pardon, life, and freedom, sues.
 A sister of the science spare,
 One int'rest is our common care.

What insolence! the man reply'd,
 Shall cats with us the game divide?

Were all your interloping band
 Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
 We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
 Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
 Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life,
 In ev'ry age and clime we see,
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
 Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
 Squire stigmatizes squire for poaching;
 Beauties with beauties are in arms;
 And scandal pelts each other's charms;
 Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
 In hope to make the world their own.
 But let us limit our desires,
 Not war like beauties, kings, and squires,
 For though we both one prey pursue,
 There's game enough for us and you,

FABLE XXII.

The GOAT without a Beard,

'Tis certain, that the modish passions
 Descend among the croud, like fashions,
 Excuse me then ; if pride, conceit,
 (The manners of the fair and great)
 I give to monies, asses, dogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies and hogs.
 I say, that these are proud. What then?
 I never said, they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as goat can be)
 Affected singularity:
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
 And then with fond attention stood
 Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries ;
 My youth is lost in this disguise,
 Did not the females know my vigour,
 Well might they loathe this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smoothe his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A slipant monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by, profess'd the dapper art ;
 His pole with pewter basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung,

Rang'd cups, that in the window stood;
 Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood;
 Did well his threefold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein,

The Goat he welcomes with an art,
 And seats him in his wooden chair,
 Mouth, nose; and cheek the lather hides;
 Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides,

I hope your custom; Sir, says pug.
 Sure never face was half so snug!

The Goat, impatient for applause,
 Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
 The shaggy people grin'd and star'd.

Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
 Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
 What envious hand hath robb'd your face?

When thus the fop with smiles of scorn.
 Are beards by civil nations worn?
 Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chin.
 Shall we, like formal Capucins,
 Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
 And bear about the hairy load?
 Whene'er we through the village stray,
 Are we not mock'd along the way,
 Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
 By boys our beards disgrace'd and torn?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
 Brother, I grant you reason well,
 Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
 If boys can mortify thy pride,
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock? affected fool!

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

F A B L E XXIII.

The OLD WOMAN and her CATS.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoaky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains;
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. Hence, ye crew.
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!

Had ye been never hous'd and nurst,
 I, for a witch, had ne'er been curst.
 To you I owe, that crouds of boys
 Worry me with eternal noise;
 Straws laid across my pace retard,
 The horseshoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard)
 The stunted broom the wenches hide,
 For fear that I should up and ride;
 They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
 And bid me shew my secret teat.

To hear you prat would vex a faint,
 Who hath most reason of complaint?
 Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof.
 Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
 We had, like others of our race,
 In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
 'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
 Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
 And boys against our lives combine,
 Because, 'tis said, your Cats have nine.

F A B L E XXIV.

The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sun-shine of the morn,
 A Butterfly (but newly born)

Sat proudly perking on a rose;
 With pert conceit his bosom glows,
 His wings (all glorious to behold)
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail
 Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
 In wrath he to the garden cries:

What means you peasant's daily toil,
 From choaking weeds to rid the soil?
 Why wake you to the morning's care?
 Why with new arts correct the year?
 Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
 And why the plum's inviting blue?
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,
 That vermin of voracious kind?
 Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race,
 So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
 How insolent is upstart pride!
 Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
 Provok'd my patience to complain;
 I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
 Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
 Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
 In base, and sordid guise array'd;
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragg'd a slow and poisonous train,

And from your spider bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
 I own my humble life, good friend;
 Snail was I born, and snail shall I end,
 And what's a butterfly? At best,
 He's but a caterpillar, dressed:
 And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

F A B L E XXV.

The SCOLD and the PARROT.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife.
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,
 Denouncing war to all thy race?
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
 Which spares nor friend, nor sex nor age?
 That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;
 Good gods! 'Tis like a rolling river,
 That mutm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
 Like fame, it gathers strength by going.
 Heighday! the flippant tongue replies;
 How solemn is the fool! how wise!
 Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
 Nay, frown not; for I will be heard,
 Women of late are finely ridden,
 A parrot's privilege forbidden!

You praise his talk, his squawling song,
But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and neices ;
She ran the Parrot's language o'er ;
Bawd, huffy, drunkard, flatern, whore :
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds ;
All join their forces to confound her,
Puffs spits, the monkey chatters round her,
The yelping cur her heels assaults,
The magpye blabs out all her faults ;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With his rebuke out-scream'd her rage.

A parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling wómen are despis'd ;
She, who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues ;
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with int'rest pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

The CUR and the MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lye,
 With secret jealousies and fears
 Set all together by the ears.
 Poor puss to day was in disgrace,
 Another cat supply'd her place;
 The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
 The monkey was the room forbid,
 Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
 And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;
 The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
 Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
 And bought his secrecy with bread.
 He next the mastiff's honour try'd,
 Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
 He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
 The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
 The master took his information.
 Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries,
 And round his neck the halter ties.

The dog his humble suit preferr'd,
 And begg'd in justice to be heard.
 The master sat. On either hand
 The cited dogs confronting stand;

The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side,
Think not that treach'ry can be just,
Take not informers words on trust ;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the mastiff clear'd.

F A B L E XXVII.

The SICK MAN and the ANGEL.

Is there no hope ? the sick man said.

The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man with gasping breath,
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu ;
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade ;
'Tis self-defence in each profession.
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares ;
My justice to myself and heirs,

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known;
 My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend, he cry'd,
 No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
 What widow or what ophan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?
 A pious action's in thy pow'r,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour;
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere:
 This instant give a hundred pound;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such hast, the sick Man whines,
 Who knows as yet what heav'n designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still.
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain;
 From every side, with all your might,
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

F A B L E XXVIII.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUDS

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires;
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines,
Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
She calls her venal train from hell,
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite.
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the god of day
With heart devout a Persian lay;
His invocation thus begun.

Parent of good, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud; who mock'd his grateful tongue;
The day with sudden darkness hung,
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine;
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there:
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapor tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines,

F A B L E XXIX.

The Fox at the point of death.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite hath left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand
To learn their dying fire's command;
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.

Ah sons, from evil ways depart,
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.

See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain ?

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here :
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons, says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire ;
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.

Old-age, (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;
So live in credit and esteem,
And, the good-name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think, what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son ;
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,

Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark ! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food ;
A chicken too might do me good.

F A B L E XXX.

The SETTING-DOG and the PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies ;
The scent grows warm ; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near.
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies,
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood :
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping spaniel cries.

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race !
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts,

And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes or real friends.

When thus the Dog with scornful smile.
Secure of wing thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the rustic mind !
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts ;
Friend sets his friend without regard ;
And ministers his skill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed ;
Servants are apt, and in a price
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu,
She said, and to the covey flew.

F A B L E XXXI.

The UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd ;
Disease his tainted blood assails,
His spirits droop, his vigour fails,
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits,
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began.

My name, perhaps hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears,
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the spright ascends,
Where-e'er he walks his ear attends,
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail,
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers names;
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns;
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more,
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murd'ring crew,

Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infects his dream, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest;
To power he rose. Again the spright
Besets him morning, noon, and night,
Talks of ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air;
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours,
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers;
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him, of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starve the labour'd plains,
Abroad, at home, the spectre's there.
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address'd.
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more,
For Care, by right, should go before.

FABLE XXXII.

The Two OWLS and the SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat.

How is the modern taste decay'd !
 Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
 Our worth the Grecian sages knew,
 They gave our fires the honour due,
 They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 And pry'd into the depth of owls.
 Athens, the seat of learned fame,
 With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
 On merit title was conferr'd,
 And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
 The solemn mate, with half shut eyes :
 Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
 And truly wisdom is discerning.
 Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
 The type and ornament of wit :
 But now, alas, we're quite neglected.
 And a pert sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
 O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
 And thus he nimbly vents his heat.

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
 I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
 And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;

But every bird that wings the sky,
 Except an owl, can tell you why.
 From hence they taught their schools to know
 How false we judge by outward show,
 That we should never looks esteem,
 Since fools as wise as you might seem.
 Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
 Let your vain glory be destroy'd;
 Humble your arrogance of thought,
 Pursue the ways by nature taught,
 So shall you find delicious fare,
 And grateful farmers praise your care,
 So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
 And no keen cat find more regard.

F A B L E XXXIII.

The COURTIER and PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a courtier's out of place
 The country shelters his disgrace;
 Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
 His house and gardens own his wealth.
 He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
 The plunder of another reign;
 Like Philip's son would fain be doing,
 And fights for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
 Pensive, along the winding strand
 Employ'd the solitary hour
 In projects to regain his power;

The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.

Came you from court? For in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the god, by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will;
But yet, I'm told at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat,
With new got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the god a lion stands,
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace;
They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art;

They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape.

So said. Upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasion still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

F A B L E XXXIV.

The MASTIFFS.

THOSE, who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food;
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace,
The scars of honour seam'd his face,
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engaged in noisy war,
Away he scours and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel shall correct your manners.
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite;
Sirrah, 'tis me you dare not bite.

To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled croud,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud.

Both Hockley-Hole and Mary-Bone
The combats of my dog have known;
He ne'er like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted;
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame,
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder,
While clubs and kicks from every side
Redounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below:
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

F A B L E XXXV.

The BARLEY-MOW and the DUNGHILL.

How many fancy airs we meet
 From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street;
 Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
 They think it mean to condescend;
 To know a brother or a friend;
 They blush to hear their mother's name,
 And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
 A careful farmer took his way,
 He stop'd, and leaning on his fork
 Observ'd the flail's incessant work;
 In thought he measur'd all his store,
 His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er,
 In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
 And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-Mow, which stood beside,
 Thus to its musing master cry'd.

Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
 To treat me with neglect and slight?
 Me, who contribute to your cheer,
 And raise your mirth with ale and beer!
 Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
 And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?

Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd.
Thy master hears and mocks thy pride,
Insult not thus the meek and low,
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

F A B L E XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS and the COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breath the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way?
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps mis-led him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown with surly voice replies.
Vengeance aloud for justice cries:
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hen's annoy, my turkey's dread,

At length his forfeit life hath paid ;
 Sec, on the wall his wings display'd,
 Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
 My fowls shall future safety find,
 My yard the thriving poultry feed,
 And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise,
 For public good the murd'rer dies ;
 But if these tyrants of the air
 Demand a sentence so severe,
 Think how the glutton man devours ;
 What bloody feasts regale his hours !
 O impudence of power and might,
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
 When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
 Hadst pullers yesterday for dinner !

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
 Shall kites and men alike be treated ?
 When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
 Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
 Whose murders spring from power and pride.
 Own then this manlike kite is slain
 Thy greater lux'ry to sustain ;
 For * " petty rogues submit to fate,
 " That great ones may enjoy their state.

* Garth's Dispensary.

F A B L E XXXVII.

The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN.

WH Y are those tears? why droop your head?

Is then your other husband dead?

Or does a worse disgrace betide?

Hath no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well.

The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

Then to contribute to my loss,

My knife and fork were laid across,

On Friday too! the day I dread!

Would I were safe at home in bed!

Last night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)

Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.

Next post some fatal news shall tell.

God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,

Nor feel affliction in thy fears;

Let not thy stomach be suspended,

Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended.

And when the butler clears the table

For thy differt I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panier's load

A Farmer's Wife to market rode,

And, jogging on, with thoughtful care

Summ'd up the profits of her ware;

When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more she said
When poor blind Ball with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the panier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore and curst. Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths;
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd:
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, fav'd your eggs.

F A B L E XXXVIII.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn and fought the wood,
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies ;
Behold, the busy Negro race,
See, millions blacken all the place ;
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blest, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poul't'rer's knife !
But man, curst man on turkeys preys
And Christmas shortens all our days,
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the fav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smoaks on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curst,
Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech,
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within,
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill,

F A B L E XXXIX.

The Farmer and Jupiter.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
 He begg'd a wife; his prayer was heard.
 Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
 For how precarious is the blessing!

A Wife he takes. And now for heirs
 Again he worries heav'n with prayers.
 Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
 And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
 And set their future lives in view;
 He saw that all respect and duty,
 Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer,
 Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
 Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy
 All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
 My next with strong ambition fire,
 May favour teach him to aspire,
 'Till he the step of power ascend,
 And courtiers to their idol bend.
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
 My daughter's perfect features arm.
 If heav'n approve, a father's blest;
 Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
 Studious of every griping art,

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace,
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He starves and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew,
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes:
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers pains,
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the father's grief survey'd,
And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God. By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe;
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess,
To providence resign the rest.

FABLE XL.

The Two Monkeys.,

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd, by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air,
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-Pudding's jokes.
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.

To see their grave observing face
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With sommersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings,
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The croud, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug; If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling;
Play, twist and turn in airy ring;
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise,
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.

For how fantastic is the fight,
 To meet men always bolt upright,
 Because we sometimes walk on two !
 I hate the imitating crew.

FABLE XLI.

The OWL and the FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
 Within a barn had chose his station,
 As fit for prey and contemplation :
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
 So have I seen a man of news
 Or post-boy, or Gazette peruse,
 Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
 And fix the fate of Europe round.
 Sheaves pil'd on sheaves bid all the floor :
 At dawn of morn to view his store
 The Farmer came. The hooting guest
 His self-importance thus express.

Reason in man is mere pretence :
 How weak, how shallow is his sense !
 To treat with scorn the bird of night,
 Declares his folly or his spite ;
 Then too, how partial is his praise !
 The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
 To his ill-judging ears are fine ;
 And nightingales are all divine.

But the more knowing feather'd race
 See wisdom stamp't upon my face.
 Whene'er to visit sight I deign,
 What flocks of fowl compose my train?
 Like slaves, they croud my sight behind,
 And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.
 Thou dull important lump of pride,
 Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
 Depreciate birds of warbling song?
 Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
 Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.
 Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
 Few follow wisdom or her rules,
 Fools in derision follow fools.

F A B L E XLII.

The JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long thro' all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
 She sought his booth, and from the croud
 Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for sight,
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,

Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done,
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train,
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stepped forth and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes:
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing;
See this bank-note: observe the blessing:
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :
Blow here ; and a church-warden blows,
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address :
This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills ;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command ;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but charity ;
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With his submission own'd her art.
Can I such matchless slight withstand ?
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,
 And spread dissention through the plain.
 On matters that concern'd the state
 The council met in grand debate,
 A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthfull fire,
 In haste stept forth before the rest,
 And thus the listning throng address'd.

Good Gods! how abject is our race,
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our fires have born the chain?
 Consider, friends, your strength and might:
 'Tis conquest to assert your right.
 How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for daily toil,
 To drag the plough-share through the soil,
 To sweat in harness through the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load?
 How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
 What force is in our nerves combin'd!

Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit ?
Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
Forbid it, heav'ns ! Reject the rein,
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl :
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo, with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew ;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains ;
At will I crop the year's increase,
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains :
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year ?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies !
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay ;

He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
 We share the toil and share the grain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

F A B L E XLIV.

The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is born
 With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
 Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds;
 At once rush forth the joyfull hounds;
 They seek the wood with eager pace,
 Through bush, through brier explore the chace;
 Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
 What care, what industry, what pains!
 What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
 Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
 At once displays his babbling throat;
 The pack regardless of the note,

Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies;
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express his moan.

I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung;
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride,
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue,
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confess;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

F A B L E XLV.

The Poet and the Rose.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame,
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own:
Thus scriblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.

Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister, awkward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the muse inspir'd,

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
with envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose who grew beside;
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us!

In every love-song roses bloom;
 We lend you colour and perfume.
 Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
 To found her praise on our abuse?
 Must we, to flatter her, be made
 To wither, envy, pine and fade?

F A B L E XLVI.

The CUR, the HORSE and the SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad, of all-sufficient merit,
 With modesty ne'er damps his spirit,
 Presuming on his own deserts,
 On all alike his tongue exerts;
 His noisy jokes at random throws,
 And pertly spatters friends and foes;
 In wit and war the bully race
 Contribute to their own disgrace:
 Too late the forward youth shall find
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
 Or if they canker in the breast,
 He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village-cur, of snappish race,
 The pertest puppy of the place,
 Imagin'd that his treble throat
 Was blest with music's sweetest note;
 In the mid road he basking lay,
 The yelping nuisance of the way;

For not a creature past along,
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears,
Away he scowers, assaults his hoof,
Now near him snarles, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him 'till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung,
The Horse from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not, like a puppy, dy'd.

F A B L E XLVII.

The COURT of DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terrors sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train,

Croud the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this eban wand.
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat posselt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address't.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal,
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place,
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plys,
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due,
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face
Prove my pretention to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever growing force.
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd.
Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay,
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand,
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne.

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here? But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand.
Who fills with gold their zealous hand,
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest,)
Forgo your claim; no more pretend:
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend,
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys;
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

F A B L E XLVIII.

The GARDENER and the HOG,

A GARD'NER, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd,
His tray was to the hall preferr'd,
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly stroak'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play;

Where-e'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time, the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The master thus address'd the swine.

My house, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers;
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vast expence those beds supply'd!

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd,
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains;
Intoxicating fumes arise,
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes,
Then stagg'ring through the garden scowers,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The master came, the ruin spy'd.
Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd:
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns.
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns;

See there, untouch'd your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone!

At this, the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows:
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg and tears the veins.

Ah, foolish swain, too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!

Homeward he limps with painfull pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

F A B L E XLIX.

The MAN and the FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands,
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume,

When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek, when blushes rise ;
When with huge figs the branches bend ;
When clusters from the vine depend :
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me !

What dignity's in human nature,
Says man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky !
The sun was sunk beneath the main,
The moon, and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began.

When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high,
Of what vast consequence am I !

Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose :
Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd !

For thee ! made only for our need ;
That more important Fleas might feed.

F A B L E L.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share ;
Hath seldom known a father's care ;
'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain :
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend :

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles to mis-lead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
'Till fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view.

Let me, says she, your back ascend;
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know, my feet betray my flight,
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The horse reply'd, poor honest pulse,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely with you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd.
Said he was slow, confess his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler past you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu.
For see the hounds are just in view.

The END of the FIRST PART.

F A B L E S,

BY THE LATE

MR. G A Y.

PART THE SECOND.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THese FABLES were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press, a short time before his death ; when they were left with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron, the DUKE of QUEENSBERRY: his Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press, and they are here printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn: they will certainly shew him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

F A B L E S.

PART THE SECOND.

F A B L E I.

The Dog and the Fox.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face;
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,
Hence eloquence takes either side:
Your hand would have but poultry gleanings,
Could ev'ry man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engroft:
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known,
 But you could make the will your own ?
 For when you read, 'tis with intent
 To find out meanings never meant.
 Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
 I bar fallacious innuendo.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
 Some beast or bird in ev'ry face ;
 The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
 Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
 When, in the sketches thus design'd,
 Resemblance brings some friend to mind ;
 You show the piece, and give the hint,
 And find each feature in the print ;
 So monstrous like the portrait's found,
 All know it and the laugh goes round.
 Like him I draw from gen'ral nature :
 Is't I or you then fix the satire ?

So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
 In making comments on my strains :
 All private slander I detest,
 I judge not of my neighbour's breast ;
 Party and prejudice I hate,
 And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,
 Because a knave is over-nice !
 And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
 Shall not the Decalogue be read ?
 If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
 Is't I apply or self conviction ?
 Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
 If men in morals are the same ?

I no man call or ape or afs ;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glafs.
Thus void of all offence I write :
Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts :
Among the rest a Fox he knew ;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Renard, 'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind ;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend ;
No prejudice can blind a friend ;
You know me free from all disguise ;
My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopt ; he cock'd his ear ;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

Bless us ! the hunters are abroad.
What's all that clatter on the road ?

Hold, says the Dog, we're safe from harm ;
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.

At yonder town 'tis market day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way:
'Tis so (I know her pye ball'd mare)
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.

Renard grew huff. Says he, This sneer,
From you I little thought to hear;
Your meaning in your looks I see.
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.

Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm:
Then why so captious? Why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for ought I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you.

At this, gall'd Renard winc'd and swore
Such language ne'er was giv'n before.

What's lamb to me? This saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If t'other night your master lost
Three lambs; am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflexions would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lye.

Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog reply'd)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak,
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.

So saying, on the Fox he flies.
The self-convicted felon dies.

F A B L E II.

The VULTURE, the SPARROW, and other Birds.

To a FRIEND in the Country.

E'ER I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray, what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts; be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers and such like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence
I meddle with no state affairs,
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure 'em I've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,

May he with gratitude attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.

You praise his parts for bus'ness fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.

I've heard of times (pray God defend us,
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no int'rest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who chear his heart with double lyes:
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year,
All consciences must bend and ply.
You must vote on, and not know why;
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curst a land,
And fav'rites cannot always stand,

Good courtiers should for change be ready,
 And not have principles too steady;
 For should a knave engross the pow'r,
 (God shield the realm from that sad hour)
 He must have rogues or slavish fools;
 For what's a knave without his tools!

Wherever those a people drain,
 And strut with infamy and gain,
 I envy not her guilt and state,
 And scorn to share the public hate.
 Let their own servile creatures rise,
 By screening fraud and venting lyes:
 Give me kind heav'n, † a private station.
 A mind serene for contemplation,
 Title and profit I resign,
 The post of honour shall be mine.
 My fable read, their merits view,
 Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes
 Always except the present times)
 A greedy Vultur, skill'd in game,
 Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
 Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
 And step by step intrudes to pow'r:
 When at the royal eagle's ear
 He longs to ease the monarch's care:
 The monarch grants. With pride elate,
 Behold him minister of state!

† — When impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station. ADDISON.

Around him throng the feather'd rout ;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out,
Each thinks his own the best pretension ;
This asks a place, and that a pension.

The nightingale was set aside :
A forward daw his room supply'd.

This bird, (says he) for bus'ness fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit ;
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks :
Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me.

The hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.

Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
As blust'ring bullies to defend him.

At once the ravens were discarded,
And magpies with their posts rewarded,

Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest :
State lyes must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.

My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place ;
From such, preferment is disgrace :
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

F A B L E III.

The BABOON and the POULTRY.

To a LEVEE-HUNTER.

WE frequently misplace esteem
By judging men by what they seem,
To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow
Precedence and our lowest bow :
In that is due distinction shew :
Esteem is virtue's right alone.

With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree.
We're prepossess'd my lord inherits
In some degree his grandfire's merits :
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my lord.

When we with superficial view
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too :
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent pow'r of doing good ;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the pow'r and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated croud adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing train of pow'r survey :
What creatures are so low as they !
With what obsequiousness they bend !
To what vile actions condescend !

Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flatt'ry is their smallest guilt.
What homage, rev'rence, adoration,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Have sycophants to pow'r address'd !
No matter who the pow'r possessest.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill :
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim'd contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barb'rous Moloch was invoc'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd ;
But here (unless all hist'ry lyes)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice,
Look through all courts : 'tis pow'r we find
The gen'ral idol of mankind ;
There worshipp'd under ev'ry shape :
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post ?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast !
The followers of his prosp'rous hour
Are as unstable as his pow'r.
Pow'r, by the breath of flatt'ry nurs'd.
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,

To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought,
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round;
Then too his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for ev'ry bus'ness fit.
With all these talents, 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust :
So to her fav'rite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind ;
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him, now with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The croud
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T'other his dignity in place :
From bill to bill the flatt'ry ran ;
He hears and bears it like a man :
For, when we flatter self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scruplously just,
What profit's in a place of trust ?

The common practise of the great
Is, to secure a snug retreat :
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year ;
Here ev'ry day he cram'd his guts,
Hence werè his hoards of pears and nuts ;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went ;
Then too the poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute :
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit ;
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.

A goose pass'd by ; he knew the face,
Seen ev'ry levee while in place.

What, no respect ! no rev'rence shown !
How saucy are these creatures grown !
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning croud.

Proud fool (replies the goose) 'tis true,
Thy corn a flutt'ring levee drew ;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flatt'ry for thy grain :
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape.

FABLE IV.

The ANT in Office,

To a FRIEND.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence too you think my rhimes
Should never squint at courtiers crimes;
For though nor this, nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn pursue.
I meddle not with gown or lawn:
Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn.
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise:
If I must prostitute the muse,
The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter or defame:
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
If I corruptions hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes.
What then? I hate the poultry tribe,
Be virtue mine: Be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade:
Corruption's yet no lawful trade:

Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame brib'ry out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they tied down to these conditions :
'Twould stint their pow'r, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools.
How could they lead their knaves and fools ?
Were this the case, let's take a view,
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private lux'ry dine on plate ?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies :
Perhaps too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could avarice support its pride ?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be save and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood ;
I only mean my country's good :
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the loss might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition :
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd,

I strike at vice, be't where it will ;
 And what if great fools take it ill ?
 I hope, corruption, brib'ry, pension,
 One may with detestation mention :
 Think you the law (let who will take it)
 Can scandalum magnatum make it ?

I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
 Nor of another's conscience judge :
 At him or him I take no aim,
 Yet dare against all vice declaim.
 Shall I not censure breach of trust,
 Because knaves know themselves unjust ?
 That steward, whose account is clear,
 Demands his honour may appear ;
 His actions never shun the light ;
 He is, and would be prov'd upright.

But then you think my fable bears
 Allusion too to state affairs.

I grant it does : and who's so great,
 That has the privilege to cheat ?
 If then in any future reign
 (For ministers may thirst for gain)
 Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
 I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate
 Controul'd all matters in debate ;
 Whether he knew the thing or no,
 His tongue eternally would go ;
 For he had impudence at will,
 And boasted universal skill.

Ambition was his point in view.
Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew,
Behold him now his drift attain :
He's made chief treas'rer of the grain.

But as their antient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year ;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set ;
The auditors in council met.
The gran'ry keeper must explain
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.

An honest pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke. The nation's hoard is low.
From whence does this profusion flow ?
I know our annual fund's amount.
Why such expence ? and where's th' account ?

With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.

Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold ?
Should we state mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes,
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal :

But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence.

They pass'd th' account, as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.

Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand ;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food ;
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.

Consider, when invasion's near,

Intelligence must cost us dear ;

And, in this ticklish situation,

A secret told betrays the nation.

But, on my honour, all the expence
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence.

Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. The treasure, spent,
Again, in secret service went.

His honour too again was pledg'd

To satisfy the charge alledg'd

When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.

What are we ? ministerial tools.

We little knaves are greater fools.

At last this secret is explor'd ;

'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.

For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at least

A thousand his own heaps increas'd.

Then, for his kin, and fav'rite spies,

A hundred hardly could suffice.

Thus, for a paultry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains.

They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plund'rer is detected:
The fraud is sentenc'd, and his hoard,
As due, to public use, restor'd.

F A B L E V.

The BEAR in a Boat.

To a COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know:
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence:
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then self-knowledge to pursue
Direct our life in ev'ry view,

Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind,
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich or poor, or great, or small :
And vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd ;
Those most assume who know the least ;
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

Not that all coxcombs follies strike
And draw our ridicule alike ;
To different merits each pretends :
This in love-vanity transcends ;
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape ;
T'other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition ;
For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Assume a nation's various care :
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just.
For these, in part alone, attest
The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own :
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.
Does commerce suffer in her rights ?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.

What sailor dares dispute his skill ?
He'll be an adm'ral when he will.
Now, meddling in the foldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives embassadors their cue
His cobbled treaties to renew,
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (naught undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shagg and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough,
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus, thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts;

Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontrol'd :
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot :
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In ev'ry province will preside.
No task too difficult was found.
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound :
In stratagem and subtle arts,
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd, as on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

What blund'ring puppies are mankind,
In ev'ry science always blind !
I mock the pedantry of schools :
What are their compasses and rules ?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern.

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side :

The beasts astonish'd line the strand,
 The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land:
 The slack sail shifts from side to side,
 The boat untrim'd admits the tide.
 Born down, adrift, at random tost,
 His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
 The Bear, presuming in his skill,
 Is here and there officious still;
 Till, striking on the dang'rous sands,
 A-ground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress'd
 The very fishes sneer and jest;
 Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
 To mortify the meddling fool.
 The clam'rous watermen appear;
 Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear;
 Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land.
 Derision shouts along the strand.

F A B L E VI.

The SQUIRE and his CUR.

To a COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part:
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise.
 In vain malicious tongues assail;
 Let envy snarl, let slander rail,

From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If in his country's cause he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd; he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart;
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
 Must be controul'd by place and season,
 What statesman could his pow'r support,
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?
 Did princely ears to truth attend,
 What minister could gain his end?
 How could he raise his tools to place,
 And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
 Who readily can lie with art;
 The man's proficient in his trade,
 His pow'r is strong, his fortune's made.
 By that the int'rest of the throne
 Is made subservient to his own;
 By that, have kings of old, deluded,
 All their own friends for his excluded:
 By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
 He thrives upon the public ruin.

† Antiochus with hardy pace
 Provok'd the dangers of the chace:

† Plutarch.

And, loft from all his menial train,
 Travers'd the wood and pathlefs plain;
 A cottage lodg'd the royal gueft.
 The Parthian clown brought forth his beft:
 The king unknown his feaft enjoy'd,
 And various chat the hours employ'd.
 From wine what fudden friendship fprings!
 Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country-folk (the clown replies)
 Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes:
 The king, (as all our neighbours fay)
 Might he (God blefs him!) have his way,
 Is found at heart, and means our good,
 And he would do it, if he cou'd.
 If truth in courts were not forbid,
 Nor kings nor fubjects would be rid.
 Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him;
 But that's transferr'd to thofe about him.
 On them he throws the regal cares:
 And what mind they? their own affairs.
 If fuch rapacious hands he truft,
 The beft of men may feem unjuft;
 From kings to coblers, 'tis the fame:
 Bad fervants wound their mafter's fame.
 In this our neighbours all agree:
 Would the king knew as much as we.
 Here he ftopt fhort. Repofe they fought:
 The peafant fleep, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learnt at early dawn,
 Where their loft fov'reign was withdrawn.
 The guard's approach our hoft alarms,
 With gaudy coats the cottage fwarms;

The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd ; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The king then, turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught, and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known
Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's engross'd,
State lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobbs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instill ;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse ;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes !
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own :

Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise;
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd:
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen,
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country Squire, by whim directed,
The true, stanch dogs of chace neglected:
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head;
A snappish cur, alope carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest:
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(As other great mens puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and bus'ness known,
No honest tongue an audience found.
He worried all the tenants round,
For why, he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth, by chance, should interfere.

If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd ;
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled :
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear.
Who knows but truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best guarded lies ?
Should she, thus mask'd, admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd.

Now, in his howl's continu'd sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd ;
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd ;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind ;
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love pursuing.
Like Antony, he sought his ruin.

For now the Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
Be free, says he, your mind impart :
I love a friendly open heart,
Methinks my tenants shun my gate :
Why such a stranger grown of late ?
Pray tell me what offence they find,
'Tis plain, they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur, the farmer cries,
Who feeds your ear with daily lies ;

His snarling insolence offends ;
 'Tis he that keep you from your friends.
 Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
 You'd find again the same respect.
 Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
 That all our hatred is to you :
 But learn from us your true estate ;
 'Tis that curst Cur alone we hate.
 The Squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in ;
 The wide hall echoes with his din :
 Yet truth prevail'd ; and, with disgrace,
 The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

F A B L E VII.

The COUNTRYMAN and JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend, look round and spy,
 So fond, so prepossess'd, as I ?
 Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
 My partial eyes could never find.
 When, by the breath of fortune blown,
 Your airy castles were o'erthrown,
 Have I been over prone to blame,
 Or mortified your hours with shame ?
 Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
 Or twit you with the want of merit ?
 'Tis not so strange that fortune's frown,
 Still perseveres to keep you down.

Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too ?
Have you, like those she rais'd to place,
Been opportunely mean and base ?
Have you, as times requir'd, resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind ?
If these are scruples, give her o'er ;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.

The gifts of fortune truly rate ;
Then tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears his wants increase the more.

Think, Gay, what ne'er may be the case,
Should fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment ?
What can she give beyond content ?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear ;
In all the affluence you possess
You might not feel one care the less :
Might you not then, like others, find,
With change of fortune, change of mind ?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool ;
Your luxury might break all bounds ;
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts ; then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignify'd with pow'r,
 Would that avert one penfive hour !
 You might give avarice its swing,
 Defraud a nation, blind a king :
 Then, from the hirelings in your cause
 Though daily fed with false applause,
 Could it a real joy impart ?

Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view ?
 (I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
 She nor in camps or courts resides,
 Nor in the humble cottage hides ;
 Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere ;
 Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade
 A Peasant rested on a spade.

Good Gods, he cries, 'tis hard to bear
 This load of life from year to year !
 Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
 Industrious labour bids me rise ;
 With sweat I earn my homely fare,
 And ev'ry day renews my care.

Jove heard the discontented strain,
 And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring swain.

Speak out your wants then, honest friend ;
 Unjust complaints the Gods offend.
 If you repine at partial fate,
 Instruct me what could mend your state.
 Mankind in ev'ry station see.
 What wish you ? tell me what you'd be,

So said, upborn upon a cloud,
The clown survey'd the anxious croud.
Yon face of care, says Jove, behold;
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold;
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.

Were I that man, the Peasant cry'd,
What blessing could I ask beside?

Hold, says the God; first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition-----
Here, take it, view his true condition.

He look'd, and saw the miser's breast,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start,
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart,
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

May Jove, he cries, reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care;
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy croud,
Yon minister so gay and proud,
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
First take the glass, the God replies,
Man views the world with partial eyes.

Good Gods! exclaims the startled wight,
Defend me from this hideous fight!

Corruption, with corrosive smart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart;
I see him, with polluted hand,
Spread the contagion o'er the land,
Now av'rice with insatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast,
Groans with a load of crimes oppress'd.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower:
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud;
His boasts insult the nether croud;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.

Was ever wretch like this, he cries?
Such misery in such disguise!

The change, O Jove, I disavow.
Still be my lot the spade and plough.

He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawier's occupation:
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:
The miseries of war he mourn'd,
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change, says he, may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!

Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God. How mortals err !
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit.
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

So Jove, to gratify the clown,
Where first he found him set him down.

F A B L E VIII.

The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FL Y.

TO my NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL happy land, whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds ;
By bounteous nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art.
O Britain, chosen port of trade,
May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade ;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law ?

Whenever neighb'ring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.

What is't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate;
The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share.
The duties of the public care,
Who's born for sloth? † To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some, taught by industry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind:

† Barrow.

Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest :
Do not the mason's toil and care,
Protect him from th' inclement air ;
Does not the cutler's art supply,
The ornament that guards his thigh ?
All these, in duty to the throne
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he, his own and people's cause,
Protects their properties and laws :
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy,
In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address :
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food ;
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd,
One day they fed, and starv'd the next :
They saw that plenty, sure and rise,
Was found alone in social life ;
That, mutual industry profess'd
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

Well, Pufs, says man, and what can you
To benefit the public do ?

The Cat replies ; these teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute ;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use
Your parts and talents may conduce ;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.
Did I e'er faith, or friendship break ?
Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.

My vigilance and trusty zeal,
Perhaps might serve the public weal,
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?
Did I the nightly watches keep
Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The man replies, 'Tis just and right,
Rewards such service should requite.

So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend ;
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly. From you
What public service can accrue ?

From me ! the flutt'ring insect said ;
I thought you knew me better bred.

Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit,
That I to industry submit ?

Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By bus'ness earn ignoble bread :
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care my life annoys.

At noon, the lady's matin hour,
I sip the tea's delicious flower :

On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.

The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides.

Hence, from that peach, that downy seat ;
No idle fool deserves to eat.

Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,

Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?

Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you :

You'd soon be forc'd, by hunger stung,
 To make your dirty meals on dung,
 On which such despicable need,
 Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
 Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
 (If you can right and wrong discern)
 That he who with industrious zeal,
 Contributes to the public weal,
 By adding to the common good,
 His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,
 He laid the noxious vagrant low:
 Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
 The spunger on the public dy'd.

F A B L E IX.

The JACKALL, LEOPARD, and other Beasts.

To a MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind,
 That int'rest too perverts the mind,
 That bribes have blinded common sense,
 Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence ;
 I grant you too; our present crimes
 Can equal those of former times.
 Against plain facts shall I engage,
 To vindicate our righteous age?
 I know, that in a modern fist,
 Bribes in full energy subsist :

Since then these arguments prevail,
 And itching palms are still so frail,
 Hence politicians, you suggest,
 Should drive the nail that goes the best ;
 That it shows parts and penetration,
 To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly must dissent,
 Premising, no reflection's meant.

Does justice, or the client's sense,
 Teach lawyers either side's defence ?
 The fee gives eloquence it's spirit ;
 That only is the client's merit.
 Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
 Obtain the prostitute's caresses ?
 The guinea, as in other trades,
 From ev'ry hand alike persuades.
 Man, scripture says, is prone to evil ;
 But does that vindicate the devil ?
 Besides, the more mankind are prone,
 The less the devil's parts are shown.
 Corruption's not of modern date ;
 It hath been try'd in ev'ry state :
 Great knaves of old their pow'r have fenc'd
 By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd ;
 By these they glory'd in success,
 And impudently dar'd oppress ;
 By these despotically they sway'd,
 And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd ;
 Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
 By these alone were realms destroy'd.
 Now, see these wretches in disgrace,
 Stript of their treasures, pow'r, and place ;

View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast ?
Where are your slaves, your flatt'ring host ?
What tongues now feed you with applause ?
Where are the champions of your cause ?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobbs, your poultry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
What fools were these amidst their pow'r !
How thoughtless of their adverse hour !
What friends were made ? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it, these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nations debt ?
You're bit. For these, like Swifs, attend,
No longer pay, no longer friend.

The Lion is, beyond dispute,
Allow'd the most majestic brute ;
His valour and his gen'rous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.
Yet to Jackalls, as 'tis averr'd,
Some lions have their pow'r transferr'd :
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.

Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackall, oppress the wood ;

To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws :
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear ;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear :
Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace.

By friends, says he, I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat ;
I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,
And all my clam'rous foes despise.

To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends :
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new profelytes enlist.
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws ;
For bribes confess a wicked cause :
Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands
What had prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base hog through thick and thin :
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary wolf was stanch :
The convert fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party :
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chatt'ring monkey join'd the list.

But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The fav'rite's fall redress'd the state.

The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light,
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.

The hog with warmth express his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profess'd,
A lamb's head was the wolf's request.
The fox submitted, if to touch
A gossin would be deem'd too much.
The monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

Ye hirelings, hence, the Leopard cries,
Your venal conscience I despise :
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends ;
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is prompt by ev'ry honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd,
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.

F A B L E X.

The DEGENERATE BEES.

To the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, Dean of
St. PATRICK'S.

THOUGH courts the practise difallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long;
And that they call the prudent part,
Is to wear int'rest next the heart.
As the times take a diff'rent face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know too you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That ev'ry knave in ev'ry station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak and what you write,
Dread you at once and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces too in church and state
In frothy nonsense show their hate,
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert fots are not a few)
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt.
The booksellers alone are hurt.

Good Gods ! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit !
Think with yourself : those worthy men
You know have suffer'd by your pen ;
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence 'tis plain, your friends are few ;
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My fable shall the rest recite ;
Which (though unlike our present state,)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee, of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive.
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supply'd,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride ;
With him loud impudence had merit,
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit ;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laguh'd to scorn for squeamish fools :
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base ;
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't :

Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play :
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,
Let us, says he, to genius born,
The drudg'ry of our fathers scorn.
The wasp and drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we ;
Like gentlemen they sport and play,
No bus'ness interrupts the day ;
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.

A stubborn Bee among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal replied.

I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride,
The laws our native rights protect ;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive ?
Exert the honour of your race ;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains :
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our fires to pow'r and fame.
Be virtuous ; save yourselves from shame ;
Know, that in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin.

He spoke ; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.

With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degen'rate kind.

Those drones, says he, these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper stile)
May for a time oppress the state.
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

F A B L E XI.

The PACK-HORSE and the CARRIER,

To a YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my lord, in early youth
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's stile reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your first pursuit:
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too:
Like them ignoble actions scorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Tho' with less plate their side-boards shone,
Their conscience always was their own;

They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your fires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light:
In foremost rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paultry end,
To knavish jobbs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride:
Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires,
For that mankind reveres your fires:
If you degen'rate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier ev'ry night and morn
Would see his horses eat their corn :
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true ;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure,
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure ;
When all at once confusion rung,
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods ! says he, how hard's my lot !
Is then my high descent forgot ?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Must I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks ?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head !
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine ?
Kick'd by old Ball ! so mean a foe !
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,
All jockies still revere his name :
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a liv'ry train ;
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.

Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due; for I have blood.

Vain-glorious fool, the Carrier cry'd,
Respect was never paid to pride.

Know, 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.

Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?

Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.

What is't to me by whom begot?

Thou restiff, pert, conceited sot.

Your fires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:

But, worthless fool, what's that to you?

Ask all the carriers on the road,

They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.

Then vaunt no more thy noble race,

That neither mends thy strength or pace.

What profits me thy boast of blood?

An ass hath more intrinsic good.

By outward show let's not be cheated:

An ass should like an ass be treated.

FABLE XII.

PAN and FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
No house, says he, is more complete,
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lyes!
The timber's of a noble size.
Then counts his jewels and his plate.
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are or for sale or mortgage free.

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem'd to anticipate their gain.

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abett the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet thus you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run bolder risques for prey,
And strip the trav'ler on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you make the bett,
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,
Is not your honour too at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn,
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.

Look round. The wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners, not to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made
Too late attempt to learn their trade.

Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity sublist.

You'll find at last this maxim true.
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest, a whole cent'ry's shade,
Must be one wasteful ruin made ;
No mercy's shown to age or kind,
The gen'ral massacre is sign'd ;
The park too shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the squire,
(What will not barb'rous hands for hire ?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke ;
Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak ;
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And eccho groans with ev'ry wound.

To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head ;
His bosom now with fury burns,
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns,
Cards too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.

To snails invet'rate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year ;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming spring's voracious pest :
The locust too, whose rav'nous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these ? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low :

The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its antient glories waste.
All this, he cries, is Fortune's doing,
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin :
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface.

Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast.

Why, Pan, says she, what's all this rant ?
'Tis ev'ry country bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice ?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice ?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal ?
In all th' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may, if computation's just,
One now and then my conduct trust :
I blame the fool ; for what can I,
When ninety-nine my pow'r defy ?
These trust alone their fingers ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met ;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools :

In play, it never bears dispute ;
 That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
 Then why to me such rancour show ?
 'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
 By me his late estate he won,
 But he by Folly was undone.

F A B L E XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, and TIME.

OF all the burdens man must bear,
 Time seems most galling and severe ;
 Beneath this grievous load oppress'd
 We daily meet some friend distress'd.

What can one do ? I rose at nine.
 'Tis full six hours before we dine :
 Six hours ! no earthly thing to do !
 Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,
 And almost half a page is read ;
 Tir'd with the study of the day,
 The flutt'ring sheets are tost away.
 He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
 Then yawns and stretches in his chair.

Not twenty, by the minute-hand !
 Good Gods ! says he, my watch must stand !
 How muddling 'tis on books to pore !
 I thought I'd read an hour or more.
 The morning, of all hours, I hate,
 One can't contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,
 Then too his tiresome self to shun,
 To the next coffee-house he speeds,
 Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
 Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails,
 Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails :
 He spies a partner of his woe ;
 By chat afflictions lighter grow ;
 Each other's grievances they share,
 And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, since all men must confess
 That time lyes heavy more or less ;
 Why should it be so hard to get,
 Till two, a party at piquet ?
 Play might relieve the lagging morn :
 By cards long wintry nights are born.
 Does not quadrille amuse the fair,
 Night after night, throughout the year ?
 Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
 They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says Will, then must be hard,
 By want of skill from play debarr'd.
 Courtiers kill time by various ways :
 Dependance wears out half their days.
 How happy those, whose time ne'er stands !
 Attendants takes it off their hands.
 Were it not for this cursed show'r,
 The park had whil'd away an hour.
 At court, without or place or view,
 I daily lose an hour or two :
 It fully answers my design,
 When I have pick'd up friends to dine.

The tavern makes our burden light ;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six, hard case ! they call to pay.
Where can one go ? I hate the play.
From six till ten ! Unless I sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun.
Loit'ring from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say ;
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam,
So soon ! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow pac'd-night,
Again my tavern friends invite ;
Here too our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retards the glass.

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days would fly too fast ;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind ;
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind :
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read ; and, if you can, attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,

Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right;
For each knew t'other but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

Let kings, says he, let coblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts: what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold
Whose tool of politics is gold:
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in pow'r hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
Think too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light:
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast:
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.

I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage, as of late profess,
Is but a money jobb at best:
Consent, compliance may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retale,
Expose what they call love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat;
You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But ev'ry real joy partake;
All comfort on themselves depends,
They want nor pow'r, or wealth, nor friends:
Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more:
Each other ev'ry wish they give,
Not to know love, is not to live.

Or love, or money, Time reply'd,
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize; on both intent
My boon's neglected or mispent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race:
Though little priz'd and seldom sought,
Without me, love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?

By me forfook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son,
By me all useful arts are gain'd,
Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd,
Who then would think, since such my pow'r,
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, mispent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their int'rest known?
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me,
For when once lost they never find me.

He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest:
That time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

F A B L E XIV.

The OWL, the SWAN, the COCK, the SPIDER,
the ASS, and the FARMER.

To a MOTHER.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys,
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note!

I grant in body and in mind,
Nature appears profusely kind,
Trust not to that. Act you your part:
Imprint just morals on their heart:
Impartially their talents scan:
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend.
To train my boy and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expence;

I've try'd him in the sev'ral arts,
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all he nothing knows,
But crab-like rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.
Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter;
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect.

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war,
Or if by licence or degree,
The sexton share the doctor's fee,
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for ev'ry post were fit.

But now let every muse confess,
That merit finds its due success:
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without reward?

Distinguish'd and in place you find
Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.
Survey the rev'rend bench and see
Religion, learning, piety :
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor ?
What is't to us what was before ?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paultry minions were preferr'd ;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cozens,
What matter ignorance and pride ?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood ?
In church and state, the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parents care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.

An Owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face,

Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd,
And, like an antient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for ev'ry station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people fav'd,
That laurel was not all his own ;
The plant by Socrates was fown.
To Aristotle's greater name,
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete
Their talents equall'd in conceit ;
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame : the crouded place
With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir :
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd :

The Afs learnt metaphors and tropes
But most on music fix'd his hopes,
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;
And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.

The Swan, says he, in arms shall shine :
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain :
Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the Spider's sphere ;
Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there.

In music's art the Afs's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name.

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.

Blockhead, says he, by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son ;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind ;
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what t'other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case.
Their genius thus had fix'd their place :
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art ;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part ;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made ;
But for the foal, in ev'ry class
The blockhead had appear'd an ass.

F A B L E. XV.

The COOK-MAID, the TURNSPIT, and the Ox.

To a POOR MAN.

CONSIDER man in ev'ry sphere ;

Then tell me, is your lot severe ?

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.
What then ? thy wants are seen and known ;
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.

We're born a restless needy crew :
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd :
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw ;
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law :
Thus fell our sire ; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread ;
When altars to his name were drest,
That he was man his tears confest.

The hopes of avarice are checkt ;
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on pow'r attend ?
Ambition never gains its end,

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
He, barr'd from ev'ry ufe of wealth :
Envies the plowman's strength and health ;
Another in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life ;
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Embitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir ; the line is lost :
Why was that vain entail engroft ?
Canst thou discern another's mind ?
What is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone ?
Unless the skulking cur is caught,
The fir-loin's spoil'd and I'm in fault.
Thus said ; (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forfook ;
The broomstick o'er her head she waves,
She sweets, she stamps, she puffs, she raves ;
The sneaking cur before her flies,
She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries,
These naught avail ; her choler burns,
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
With hasty stride she presses near,
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

Was ever cur so curs'd, he cry'd,
What star did at my birth preside !
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round ?
Inglorious task ! Of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd,
And, like a gentleman carest,
Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endu'd with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion fire,
A lion ! such mean views I scorn,
Why was I not of woman born ?
Who dares with reason's pow'r contend ?
On man we brutal slaves depend ;
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day.

An Ox, by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

Dare you at partial fate repine ?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine !
Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life ;

Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumb'rous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year,
But then consider that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the rost;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean shall pick my bones at least.

'Till now, th' astonish'd cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes;
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment.
Think on the Ox, and learn content.

Thus said; close-following at her heel,
With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

F A B L E XVI.

The RAVENS, the SEXTON, and the
EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over-nice
True. Flatt'ry is a shocking vice;
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust,
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways?
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excell?

Since then I dare not speak my mind
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre ev'ry grace
Distinguish your celestial face,
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,
The muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman, in mere spight
Set beauty in a moral light.

Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair ;
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,
What's that to you ? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through ev'ry stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indiff'rence shown,
As if your face were not your own.

Were you by Antoninus taught,
Or is it native strength of thought,
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by reason's light ?

Those eyes of so divine a ray,
What are they ? mould'ring, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heav'nly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old ;
Like common grass, the fairest flow'r
Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.

How weak, how vain is human pride !
Dares man upon himself confide ?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years ?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Chear our sick heart, or purchase ease ?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death ?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own,
A flow'r that fades as soon as blown?
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through ev'ry branch of human race:
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine:
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens fate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The flavour strengthens with the blast,
Snuff then; the promis'd feast inhale,
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and daily drudg'ry freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat.

A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade:

Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
Was ever too such blund'ring fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, says he, learn more respect.
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The squire that yon fair hall possessest,
To night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? The meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray,
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organs found)
In carcases (say what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?

With due respect to human race
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflexion meant.
As Epicures extol a treat,
And seem their sav'ry words to eat.
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The ven'son of the prescient brood.

The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd,
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd,

They rail, revile : as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.

Hold, says the fowl ; since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point : for taste may err.

As thus he spoke, from out the mold
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length. They strait agree
To chuse him as their referee.
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merit of the cause.

He paus'd, and with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known.

On carcases of ev'ry kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd ;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast or fowl or man I feed :
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I chuse the fancy'd flavour ;
Yet I must own (that human beast)
A glutton is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast ; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare ;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermine's food.

'Tis seated in the immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul we know not where.
So good-man Sexton, since the case,
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For diff'rent tastes please diff'rent vermine.

F I N I S.

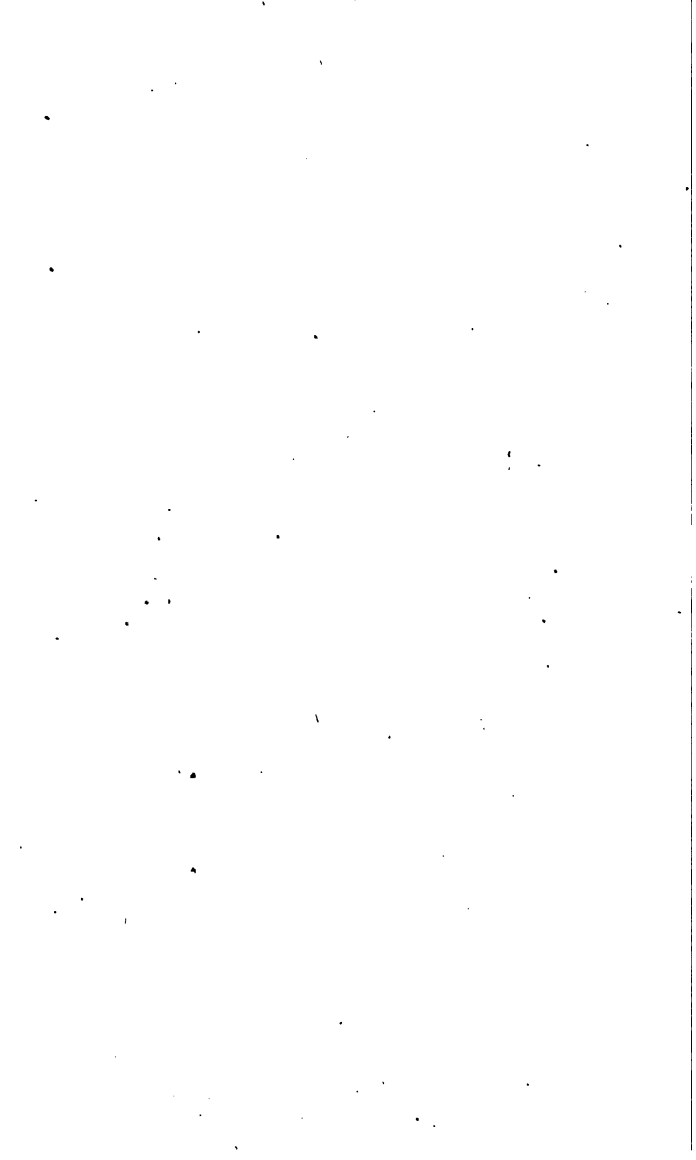




P O E M S

BY

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.



P O E M S
O N
S E V E R A L
O C C A S I O N S.

V I Z.

An ODE to Henry Saint		BLEINHHEIM.
John, Esq;		And
The SPLENDID SHIL-		CYDER. In two Books.
LING.		

B Y

MR. JOHN PHILIPS,
STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXON.

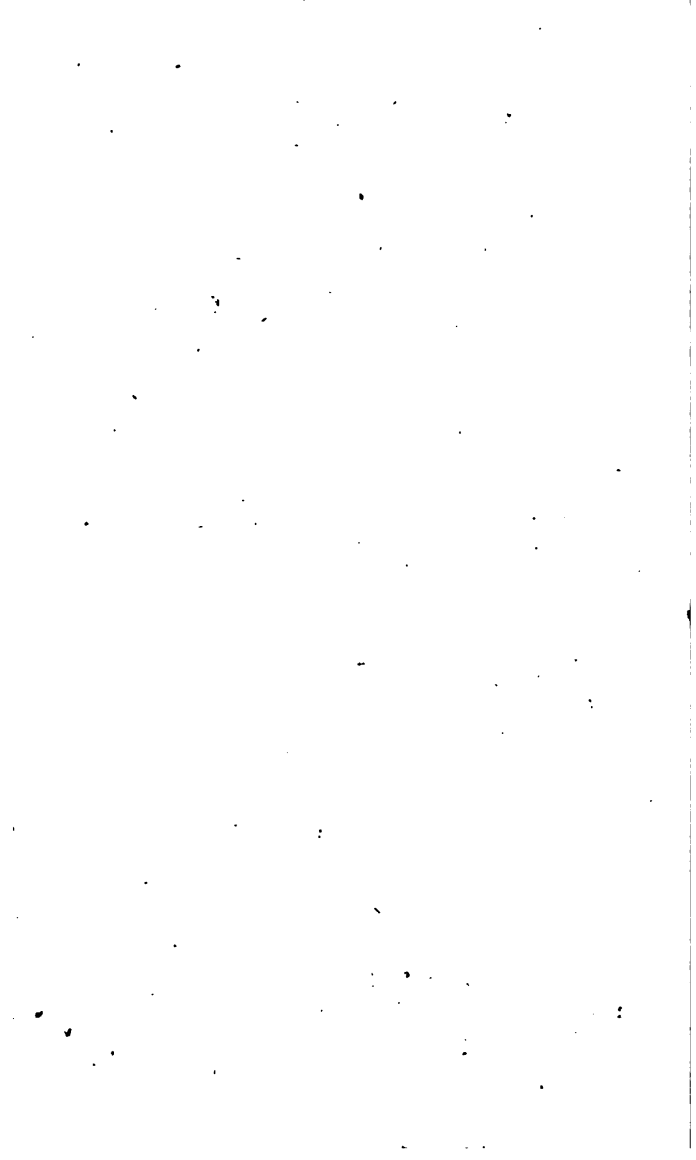
To which is added,

H I S L I F E,

By Mr. GEORGE SEWELL.

G L A S G O W :

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
M.DCC.LXIII.



THE
L I F E
O F
MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumstances which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To satisfy this general inclination, and do some justice to the memory of Mr. Philips, we shall give the world a short account of him, and his few, but excellent compositions. Sufficient they were, though few, to his fame, but not to our wishes.

He was the son of Dr. Steven Philips, arch-deacon of Salop, and born at Bampton in Oxfordshire, December the 30th, anno 1676. After he was well grounded in grammar-learning, he was sent to Winchester-school, where he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages, and was soon distinguished

for a happy imitation of the excellencies which he discover'd in the best classical authors.

With this foundation of good learning, and very early promises of a farther improvement in all useful studies, he was remov'd to Christ-Church in Oxford. From his first entrance into that university, he was very much esteemed for the simplicity of his manners, the agreeableness of his conversation, and the uncommon delicacy of his genius. All his university exercises were received with applause; and in that place, so famous for good sense, and a true spirit, he, in a short time, grew to be superior to most of his contemporaries; where, to have been their equal only, had been a sufficient praise. There it was, that following the natural bent of his genius, beside other valuable authors, he became acquainted with Milton, whom he studied with application, and traced him in all his successful translations from the ancients. There was not an allusion in his *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the thoughts, or expressions of Homer, or Virgil, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, he perceived what a peculiar life, and grace, their sentiments added to English poetry; how much their images raised its spirit; and what weight and beauty their words, when translated, gave to its language. Nor was he less curious in observing the force and elegancy of his mother-tongue, but, by the example of his darling Milton, searched backwards into the works

of our old English poets, to furnish himself with proper, founding, and significant expressions, and prove the due extent, and compass of the language. For this purpose, he carefully read over Chaucer, and Spenser; and, afterwards, in his writings, he did not scruple to revive any words, or phrases, which he thought deserved it, with that modest liberty, which Horace allows of, either in the coining of new, or restoring of ancient expressions. Yet though he was a professed admirer of these authors, it was not from any view of appearing in publick; for such was his modesty, that he was the only person who did not think himself qualified for it: he read for his own pleasure; and writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in love with poetry, as to neglect any other parts of good literature, which either their usefulness, or his own genius excited him to pursue. He was very well versed in the whole compass of natural philosophy; and seemed, in his studies, as well as his writings, to have made Virgil his pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous wish;

*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant; coelique vias et sidera monstrent;
Defectus Solis varios, Lunaëque labores:
Undè tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tumescant*

Obiectibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
 Hiberni ; vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstat.

Georg. lib. II.

Give me the ways of wandring stars to know,
 The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
 Teach me the various labours of the moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
 Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
 And in what dark recess they shrink again.
 What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

Dryden.

Mr. Philips was no less passionate an admirer of nature ; and it is probable, that he drew his own character, in that description which he gives of a philosophical and retired life, at the latter end of the first book of his Cyder.

*—————He to his labours tries,
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
 Examines all the properties of herbs,
 Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
 Displays, if by his industry he can
 Benefit human race.—————

* First printed anno 1708.

And we have good reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new discoveries made, by so diligent an enquirer, and so faithful a recorder of physical operations. However, though death prevented our hopes in that respect, yet the admirable passages of that kind, which we find in his poem on Cyder, may convince us of the niceness of his observations in natural causes: beside this, he was particularly skill'd in all manner of antiquities, especially those of his own country; and part of this too, he has, with much art and beauty, intermixed with his Poetry.

As to his private character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved, and silent among strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his friends: the first was, the effect of his modesty; the latter, of his chearful innocence: the one was, the proper caution of a wise man; the other, the good humour of a friend. He was averse to contentious disputes; and thought no time so ill spent, and no wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such debates. Thus he never contributed to the uneasiness of his company, but often to their instruction, always to their pleasure. As on the one hand, he declined all strokes of Satire; so, on the other, he detested flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the character of a dull man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the expence of his humanity, or sincerity. This sincerity, indeed

was his distinguishing character; and made him as dear to all good men, as his wit and learning did to all favourers of true sense, and letters.

Upon all these accounts, during his stay in the university, he was honoured with the acquaintance of the best and politest men in it; many of whom, who now make considerable figures, both in the state, and in the republick of learning, would think it no disgrace to have their names mentioned, as Mr. Philips's friends. And here we must not omit that particular friendship which he contracted with Mr. Edmund Smith, author of the incomparable tragedy of Phedra and Hippolitus; and who, upon his decease, celebrated his memory in a fine poem; and soon after followed him to the grave. These two often communicated their thoughts to each other; and as their studies lay the same way, were much to their mutual satisfaction, and improvement. For, as the mind takes no greater pleasure than in a free and unreserved discovery of its own notions, so it can reap no greater profit than in the correction it meets with from the judgment of a sincere friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. Philips's life, who had a soul capable of relishing all the finest enjoyments of sublime, virtuous, and elegant spirits. I am sure, Mr. Smith, in his poem to his memory, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the loss of it.

Whom shall I find unbyass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute ?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes ?
O ! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.

It is to be deplored, indeed, that two great genius's, in whose power it was to have obliged the world so much, should make so short a stay in it ; though had their date been longer, we can hardly say, that time would have added any thing but number to their compositions. It was their happiness to give us all their pieces perfect in their kind ; the accuracy of their judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest care and correctness. For hasty fruits, the common product of every injudicious fancy, seldom continue long, never come to maturity, and are at best, food only for debauched and vitiated palates. These men thought, and considered before they sat down to write ; and after they had written too, being ever the last persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well ; and even then, perhaps, more in compliment to the opinion of others, than from the conviction of their own judgment.

But it is now time that we lead our author from his university friend to some of higher rank, among whom he met with an equal applause and admiration. The

reason of his coming to town, was the persuasion of some great persons, who engaged him to write upon the battle of Bleinheim*; and, how well their expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his works. It is enough at present to observe, that this poem brought him into favour and esteem with † two of the most eminent encouragers and patrons of letters that have appeared in our age: The one, famous for his political knowledge and universal learning; the other, distinguished for the different talents of a refined and polite genius, and an indefatigable application to business, joined with an exquisite and successful penetration in affairs of the highest concern.

However, though he was much respected by these, and other noble patrons, yet from the modest distrust he entertained of himself, it was not without some pain that he enjoyed their company, and the fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of pleasing. Such was the humble opinion he conceived of his own good qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his virtues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental light which they deserved. I speak this only with respect to his conversation with his superiors, who,

* Anno 1705.

† The late Earl of Oxford, and Lord Bolingbroke.

knowing his true worth, were more pleased with his endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious gaiety that men of much wit, but little humility, and good breeding, general affect. As this decent silence did not prejudice the great against his wit, so neither did his unsolicitous easiness in his fortune at all hinder the thanks of their favour and munificence. True it is, that he never praised any one with a sordid view, nor ever sacrificed his sincerity to his interest, having a soul above envying the vicious; and as he gave his characters with the spirit of a Poet, he observed at the same time, the fidelity of an Historian. This, indeed, was a part which distinguished him as much from almost all other poets, as his manner of writing did; he being one of those few who were equally averse to flattery and detraction. He never went out of his way for a panegyrick, or forced his invention to be subservient to his gratitude; but interwove his characters so well with the thread of his poetry, and adapted them so justly to the merit of the persons, that they all appear natural, beautiful, and of a piece with the Poem. If it be reckon'd difficult to praise well, for our author not to err, in such a variety, is much more so, and looks like the masterly hand of a great painter, who can draw all sorts of beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the metaphor, there is no-

thing gaudy in his colours, nothing stiff or affected in his manner; and all the lineaments are so exact, that an indifferent eye may, at first view, discover who sat for the picture.

From this general view of his writings, I shall now pass on to a particular; of which it is to be wished, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following account. I have heard a story of an eminent preacher, who, out of an obstinate modesty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one sermon*, (the best, perhaps, that ever passed the press) to which the publick gave the title of Dr. Cradock's works. The same, with much justice, may be given to the poetical compositions which our excellent Author has published, and which may challenge that name more deservedly, than all the mighty volumes of profuse and negligent writers.

The first of these, was the Splendid Shilling; a title as new and uncommon for a Poem, as his way of adorning it was, and which, in the opinion of one of the best and most unprejudiced judges of this age, *is the finest burlesque poem in the British language*; † nor was it only the finest of that kind in our tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any author of our own, or other

* On Providence, preached before King Charles II. February 10. 1677-8.

† See the Tatler, Numb. 250.

nations; the sentiments and style being in this both new; whereas in those, the jest lies more in allusions to the thoughts and fables of the ancients, than in the pomp of the expression. The same humour is continued through the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most poems of that nature have been before. Out of that variety of circumstances, which his fruitful invention must suggest to him on such a subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every reader, and some, that none but his inimitable dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a pleasure that we could not expect; though, at the same time, the sublimity of the style, and gravity of the phrase, seem to chastise that laughter which they provoke.

In her best light the comick muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.†

This was the first piece that made him known to the world; and, though printed from an incorrect copy, gained him an universal applause; and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many imitators to work; yet none ever came up to the humour and happy turn of the original. A genuine edition of it came out some years after; for he was

† See Mr. Smith's poem above-mentioned.

not so solicitous for praise, as to hasten even that, which by the earnest he received from the publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a procurer of it.

The next of his poems was that, entitled *Blenheim*; wherein he shews, that he could use the same sublime and nervous style as properly on a serious and heroick subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous nature. We have said before, at whose request this was wrote; though he would willingly have declined that undertaking, had not the powerful incitements of his friends prevailed upon him, to give up his modesty to their judgement. The Exordium of this piece, is a just allusion to the beginning of the *Aeneid*, (if that be *Virgil's*) and that of *Spenser's Fairy Queen*.

From low and abject themes the grov'ling muse
Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; ———

The spirit is kept on the same to the end; the whole being full of noble sentiments, and majestick numbers, equal to the hero whom it extols; and not admitting of any rival, (except *Mr. Addison's Poem*†)

† *The Campaign.*

on the same occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful imitation of Virgil, in his digression upon the poetical Elizium, where the famous ——— *Tu Marcellus eris*—— is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the spirit of Virgil better than all the labours of his commentators: there, speaking of the late Marquis of Blandford, he says;

Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Shouldst Churchill be!————

The addresses to his patrons are very fine and artificial; the first, just and proper; and the latter of English Memmins, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite part of mankind agree, in applying that of the Roman;

————Quem tu Dea tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his Cyder, it is one (if not the only) finished poem, of that length, extant in our language; the foundation of that work was laid, and the first book composed at Oxford; the second, for the most part, in town. He was determined to the choice of that subject, by the violent passion he had, to do some honour to his native country; and has therefore exerted all the powers of genius and art to make it compleat. It is

founded upon the model of Virgil's Georgicks; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable poem, which the criticks prefer to the divine Aeneid. Yet, though it is easy to discern who was his guide in that difficult way, we may observe, that he comes after rather like a pursuer, than a follower, not tracing him step after step, but chusing those paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his imitations are far from being servile, though sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new variety, and entertains us with scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his masters themselves were to those who first saw that work. The conduct and management are superior to all other copyers of that original; and, even the admired Rapin is much below him, both in design and success; for the Frenchman either fills his gardens with the idle fables of antiquity, or new transformations of his own; and has, in contradiction to his own rules of criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime style of Virgil, with the elegant turns of Ovid in his Metamorphoses. Nor has the great genius of Mr. Cowley succeeded better in his books of Plants, who, besides the same faults with the former, is continually varying his numbers from one sort of verse to another, and alluding to remote hints of medicinal writers, which, though allowed to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the dignity of the verse, and sink it from a Poem to a treatise of Physick. It is not

out of envy to the merit of these great men (and who will ever be such in spite of envy) that we take notice of these mistakes, but only to shew the judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the philosophical touches surprize, the moral instruct, and the gay descriptions transport the reader. Sometimes he opens the bowels of the earth; at others, he paints its surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower products, and fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent pleasures of its inhabitants. Here we are taught the nature and variety of soils, there the difference of vegetables, the sports of a rural, the retirement of a contemplative life, the working genius of the husbandman, the industry of the mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due praises of exalted patriots, heroes, and statesmen, to raise and ennoble the poetry. The change of seasons, and their distinctions, introduced by the rising and setting of the stars, the effects of heat, cold, showers, and tempests, are in their several places very ornamental, and their descriptions inferior only to those of Virgil.

It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular instances of his imitations of the last mentioned Poet: men of taste and learning will themselves observe them with pleasure; and it would be to no

purpose to quote them to the illiterate: to the one, it would be a sort of an affront; to the other, but an insipid entertainment. Milton, we are informed, could repeat the best part of Homer; and the person of whom we write, could do the same of Virgil, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the variety of his numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient answer to those who with this Poem had been wrote in Rhime, since then it must have lost half its beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishable tenour of versification, and returns of close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical ear. The best judges of our nation have given their opinions against Rhime, even they who used it with the greatest admiration and success, could not forbear condemning the practice. I am not ignorant, to what a height some modern writers have carried this art, and adapted it to express the most sublime ideas; yet this has been in much shorter poems than the present; and I doubt not, but the same persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like occasion. I shall not so far enter into the dispute concerning the preference of these different manners of writing, as to state and answer the objections on each side. It is true, Mr. Dryden thought that Milton's choice of blank verse proceeded from his inability to rhyme well; and, as good a reason might easily be given for his own choice; it being certain, he

had the perfect art and mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

However, we leave this question to be decided by those, whose studies and designs to excel in poetry, may oblige them to a more exact enquiry: for my part, I think it no more a disreputation to Mr. Philips, that he did not write in rhyme, than it is to Virgil, that he has not composed Odes or Elegies. The bent of our genius is what we ought to pursue; and if we answer our designs in that, it is sufficient. The criticks would make a man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little hints of those authors, whether Virgil could not have wrote better satires, or Horace a good epick poem.

But to return from this digression to my design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a criticism upon the works of our author, or those of others. These are only the sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one remark more upon this subject, which is the great difficulty of making our English names of plants, soils, animals, and instruments shine in verse: there are hardly any of those, which, in the Latin tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the style. And yet, I knew not by what art of the poet,

these words, though in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the dignity of his style, but become their places as well as those of a better and more harmonious sound.

I cannot leave the Cyder, without taking notice, that the two books are addressed to two gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say, that they were Mr. Philips's friends and favourers, and whose characters without the help of a weaker hand, will be transmitted to posterity. Nor must we omit that signal honour which this piece received after his decease, in being translated into Italian by a nobleman of Florence, an honour which the great Boileau was proud his Art of Poetry obtained, in a language of much less delicacy and politeness †. It may be some pleasure to observe the turn which ‡ Mr. Smith gives this passage, in the following verses :

See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo, and the bard attend ;
Rich in the coins and busts of antient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home ;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind :
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.

† Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ercyra.

‡ See Mr. Smith's Poem on his death.

All that we have left more of this poet is a Latin Ode, inscribed to the honourable Henry Saint John, Esq; late lord Bolingbroke, which is certainly a master-piece : the style is pure and elegant, the subject of a mixt nature, resembling the sublime spirit, and gay, facetious humour of Horace. From this we may form a judgment, that his writings in that language were not inferior to those he has left us in our own ; and as Horace was one of his darling authors, we need not question his ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admired Virgil.

By all the enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an injury to his ashes to print any imperfect sketches which he never designed for the publick. It might, perhaps, please some to see the first essays of a great genius, but considering how apt we are to impose upon our selves and others in matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the reputation of the writer for the fancy of the reader. It is a silly vanity that some men have delighted in, of informing the world how young they were when they composed some particular pieces ; if they are not good, it is no matter at what age they were wrote ; and if they are, it is a great chance, if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our author's farther designs, only that we are assured by his friends, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Resurrection, and the Day of Judgment, in which it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own performances. That subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn style which he makes use of, and by one whose just notions of religion, and true spirit of poetry, could have carried his reader, without a wild enthusiasm,

—Extra flammantia moenia mundi.

Lucret.

Milton has given a few fine touches upon the same; but still there remains an inexhaustible store of materials to be drawn from the Prophets, the Psalmists, and the other inspired writers, which in his poetical dress, might, without the false boasting of old poets, have endured to the day that is described. The meanest soul, and the lowest imagination, cannot think of that time, and the descriptions we meet with of it in Holy Writ, without the greatest emotion, and the deepest impression. What then might we not expect from the believing heart of a good man, and the regulated flights and raptures of an excellent christian poet? his friend, Mr. Smith, seems to be of the same opinion; and as he was a better judge of the scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first rudiments of his

design, we shall finish this head with his verses on that occasion :

O! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
 The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays,
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
 How open'ing heav'n's their happy regions show,
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below.
 Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any knowledge of his person, or relish of his compositions, will easily agree in the judgment here given, as the generality of men of sense and learning, have already done in respect of those which he lived to publish. For my part, I never heard but of one * who took it in his head to censure his writings; and it is no great compliment to his judgment, that he has the honour to stand alone in that reflection. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the fruits of his *latter spring*, † by comparing them with the crudities of his first. That satire upon our author has, with its other bretheren, been dead long since; and, I believe, the

* Sir Richard Blackmore. † Creation, a poem.

world would have quite forgote that ever it had had any being, had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a ‡ work of a more durable nature.

However, though there is this one unjust exception to his Writings, there is none to his Life, which was distinguished by a natural goodness, a well-grounded and unaffected piety, an universal charity, and a steady adherence to his principles. No one observed the natural and civil duties of life with a stricter regard, whether those of a son, a friend, or a member of society; and he had the happiness to fill every one of these parts, without even the suspicion either of untidiness, insincerity, or disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his virtues to the happiness of his constitution, but the frame of his mind; inso-much that during a long and lingering sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest temper, he never betrayed any discontent or uneasiness, the integrity of his heart still preserving the cheerfulness of his spirits. And if his friends had measured their hopes of his life only by his unconcernedness in his sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering con-

‡ His poem to the memory of Mr. Philips. N. B. There was also, a very silly anonymous piece, wrote against Mr. Philips's Cyder, called, Milton's Sublimity asserted, &c. but it died in the birth, or might rather said to be still-born, 1709.

sumption, attended with an asthma; and the summer before he died, by the advice of his physicians, he went to the bath, where, although he had the assistance of the ablest of the faculty, (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some present ease; and returned from thence, but with small hopes of a recovery; and, upon the relapse of his distempers, he died at Hereford the 15th of February ensuing, Ann. 1708.

He was interr'd in that cathedral; and the following inscription is upon his grave-stone.

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Aetat. suae 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc urnam inspice,

Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,

Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi *Westmonasteriense*,

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,

Dicat elegans illa & praeclara;

Quae Cenotaphium ibi decorat

Inscriptio.

Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,

Testetur hoc saxum

A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ
Dilecti Filii Memoriae non sine Lacrymis dictum,

The monument referred to at Westminster, in the foregoing inscription, stands between those of Chaucer and Drayton, and was erected to his memory by Sir Simon Harcourt, late Lord Chancellor; an honour so much the greater, as proceeding from one, who knew as well how to distinguish men, as excel them, and dealt out the marks of his respect as impartially as he did the awards of his justice. The Epitaph was written by Bishop Atterbury, in a spirit and style peculiar to his compositions, viz:

Herefordiae conduntur ossa,
 Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
 Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama.
 JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
 Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxtâ charus,
 Immortale suam Ingenium,
 Eruditione multiplici exaltum,
 Miro animi candore,
 Eximia morum simplicitate,
 Honestavit.
 Literarum Amoeniorum sitim
 Quam Wintoniae Puer sentire coeperat,
 Inter Aedis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
 In illo Malarum Domicilio
 Praeclaris Aemulorum studiis excitatus.
 Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
 Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

A Graecis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
 Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
 Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat,

Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi

Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,
 Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus
 Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Metiri :

Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,

Primoq; poëne Par.

Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocrēs

Ornandas sumpserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, et affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Poësis Anglicanae Pater, atque conditor Chaucere

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium

Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri benè de se, deque Literis meriti

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum piè memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop, filius; natus est Bamptoniae
in agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit Herefordiae Feb. 15. 1708.

Thus much have we thought proper to speak of the life and character of Mr. Philips; following truth in every part, and endeavouring to make both him, and his writings, an example to others; or, if that cannot be attained, through our own defect, at least to shew, that a good poet and a good man are not names always inconsistent.

GEO. SEWELL.

O D E

A D

HENRICUM SAINT JOHN, Armig.

I.

O Qui recisae finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbae, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et suaveolentes
Saepe Tubis iterare fumos

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiúmque, Soles :

III.

Esquid reponam munèris omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,
Pimplaea, Carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniformes per liquidum aethera,
Te, diva, vim praebente, Vates
Explicuit Venusinus alas :

V.

Solers modorum, seu Puerum trucem
 Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
 Et Vina, Cyrrhaeis Hetruscum
 Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

VI.

At non Lyaei vis generosior
 Affluxit illi; saepe licet cadum
 Jactet Falernum, saepe Chiae
 Munera, laetitiamque testae.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit ~~Arcium~~
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior,
 Nec charus aequè. O! quae medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus.

VIII.

Pertentat, ut Téque et ~~Tœa munera~~
 Gratus recorder, Mercurialium
 Princeps Virorum! et Ipse Musae
 Cultor, et usque ~~colende Musae~~

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus aegre spiritus, illa
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tussis agens sine more pectus.

X.

Alté petito quassat anhelitu;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, Tuaeque
Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvae.

XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis et Tibi poculis
Libo salutem, quin precor, Optima
Ut usque Conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem Militiae super
Rebus Togatum, Maeste ! Toti decas
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo !

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O ! O ! labellis cui Venus insidet !
Tu forte felix ; me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum !) videndo :

XIV.

Maria, quae me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuae
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro ; nec jam Vina somnos,
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

A N
O D E

T O

HENRY SAINT JOHN, Esq;

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS NEWCOMB, A. M.

I.

O Thou from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign Herb * prepare;
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bole,
I suck new life into my soul.

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue
And wash away the thirsty pain,
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies.

* Tobacco.

III.

O ! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings shall I bring ?
Since I can spare, and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me sing !
In numbers Phoebus does inspire,
That strings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
I stretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's sweet swan did whilom fly ;
And soaring, left the clouds below ;
The muse invoking to indue
With strength, his pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great beauty's praise,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes ;
Or chuse, the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose ;
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
Mecaenas listens while he sings.

VI.

Yet he, no nobler draught could boast,
His muse, or musick to inspire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coast,
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire :
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

VII.

Mecaenas deign'd to hear his songs,
His muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
O! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And last in Phoebus' humble train
The first and brightest genius sing.
The muses' favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But O! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful string
And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
Which feebly strives thy worth to sing!
And would be hush'd and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring!
Thy pitying cask my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
 Thy health, with fair Faneisca's join,
 Wishing her cheeks may long infold
 Such beauties, and be ever thine ;
 No chance the tender joy remove,
 While she can please, and thou canst love.

XII.

Thus while by you the British arms
 Triumph and distant fame pursue ;
 The yielding fair resigns her charms,
 And gives you leave to conquer too ;
 Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
 And all the nymph becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells ?
 Not love himself so oft beguiles,
 Nor Venus' self so much excels ;
 What different fates our passions share,
 While you enjoy, and I despair ?

XIV.

* Maria's form as I survey,
 Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
 Each feature steals my soul away,
 Each glance deprives me of my heart ;
 And chacing thence each other fair,
 Leaves her own image only there.

* Mrs. Mary Meers, daughter to the Principal of Brazen-Nose.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake, by day I burn.
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
Or sooth my pain, or close my eye.

THE
SPLENDID SHILLING,

AN IMITATION

OF

MILTON,

——— Sing, Heavenly Muse, —r——

Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras-dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and strife,
In filken, or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly-mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry tale,

* Two noted Ale-houses in Oxford.

38 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom gripping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantick tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Gestrion cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his warts, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the antient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow nectarous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,

With hideous accent thrice he calls, I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of woodhole ; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men ;) behind him stalks
 Another monster not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magick charms
 Erst have endu'd, if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, till in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

40 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin to domestick vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th'inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts

With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.

Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of a drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay :
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My Galligaskins that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and incroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)

42 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Aegean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea, in at the gaping side
 The crouding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears.
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray :
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

BLEINHEIM:

A

P O E M,

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

M.DCC.V.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley, (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with ev'ry art
Thy self adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the muses seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroul'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,

As erst Sesostris, (proud Aegyptian king,
That monarchs harnes'd to his chariot yokt,
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious; they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load.) Nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
To curb his pow'r enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill, to direct in nice extreams
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where diff'rent food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high stretching hills,
All white with summer snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound

Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
 Thy conduct, and example gives; nor small
 Encouragement Godolphin, wife, and just;
 Equal in merit, honour, and success,
 To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to serve
 The best of queens:) he, of the royal store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
 Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
 The foldiers ease; to regions far remote
 His care extends, and to the British host
 Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O Churchill, at thy wisht approach
 The Germans hopeless of success, forlorn,
 With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice
 The miserable race of men, that live
 Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
 Perpetual, and rough Boreas keenest breath,¹
 Under the polar bear, inclement sky,
 When first the sun with new-born light removes
 The long incumbent-gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
 Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
 In military honour next, altho'
 His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful sword alone
 Germania, and the Belgic coast relies,

Won from th' encroaching sea : that sword great Anne
 Fix'd not in vain on the puissant side,
 When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list ; her hand
 Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war
 Rowl in thy eager mind ; thy plumy crest
 Nods horrible, with more terrific port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did Albion hope
 From thy achievements ! yet thou hast surpass'd
 Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear, or fancy ; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory, and rapine, reck'ning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke ; O friend, observe,
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught they come
 Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force ; how will their bodies stript
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate
 Their maws with full repast ! another, warn'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge

Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms ! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd ! no trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expose to scorn
Of gath'ring crowds the Briton's boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces exprest ; nor cou'd their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain ; why halt ye thus, ye Britons ? why
Decline the war ? shall a morass forbid
Your easie march ? advance ; we'll bridge a way,
Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lyon to his folds ! that boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight
He soon revisits Brittany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry ; O hapless fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd.

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
Of cowardice ; the military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either side the trumpet blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.

The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet;
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Caesar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Presumptuous comes: here Churchill not so prompt
To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrible flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoky sulphureous, intermix'd with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; one each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd field; with latent mischief stor'd
Show'rs of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of steel,

And stones; and glass, and nitrous grain adust.
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each army death, in various shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets clang, and solemn sound
Of drums o'rcame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat: as when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife.

So they, incens'd: till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughter'ring arm; with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rowling in death: destruction, grim with blood,

Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th'unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war,
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for destiny withstood
Th'approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
Beneath his courser; round his sacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows,
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware
Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life
Expose the British safety; hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? reserve
Thy self for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.——Swift, and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strows the ground
With heedless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd
His seven-fold shield, and skreen'd Laertes son,
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him fore

With tilted spears:) unmanly dread invades
 The French astonish'd; straight their useless arms
 They quit, and in their swift retreat confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
 The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
 Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
 Find shelter those repul'd? behind with weak
 Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them rowls
 His current swift the Doube, vast, and deep,
 Supream of rivers; to the frightful brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach;
 New horror chill'd their veins; devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched dooms; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
 And pusht by Marlborough's avengful hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended flood:
 Bands, numerous as the Memphian soldiery
 That swell'd the Erythraean wave, when wall'd
 The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
 Observant of the great command. Upbore
 By frothy billows thousands float the stream:
 In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
 Confiding in their hands, that sed'less strive
 To cut th' outrageous stream: in this distress,

Ev'n in the fight of death, some, tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain ; vain love, tho' laudable ! absorpt
By a fierce eddy, they together found
The vast profundity ; their horses paw
The swelling surge, with fruitless toil : furcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide ;
Then rowling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immerst :
So when some sweat'ring travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brasilian stream ; her tail
Of vast extension, from her watry den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls ; th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, the parted wave rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking ; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling as once Pergamian Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when th' swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursu'd

The stragling Trojans : nor less eager droye
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harraßt pow'rs
From ruin impendent, and th'afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted ; when, in union firm
Embody'd, they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd ;
He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of night. The British souls,
(A lamentable race !) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heav'nly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crouding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants : they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance ; when lo ! they see,
Thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps revolv'd
ANNA's late conquests ; one, to empire born,

Egregious prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable ; thou, his associate dear
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Shouldst Churchill be ! but heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this ill should boast
 Gifts so important ? them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted ; 'till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
 And corresponding features fair ; to them
 Confusion ! straight the airy phantoms fleet,
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit ;
 The image pleas'd, with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O muse ; the sadly pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqu'ror, and sav'd nations joint acclaim.
 Hark, how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation ; struggling crouds
 From ev'ry city flow ; with ardent gaze
 Fixt, they behold the British guide, of sight
 Insatiate, whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How Prussia's king transported entertains
 His mighty guest ; to him the royal pledge,

Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to shew
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great deliverer ; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns ; despair, and fear
Now first he feels ; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extream,
Distract his soul ; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer :
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse
Torment the Boian prince ? from native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land ;
Deplorable ! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith : why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd ? or well weigh,
With whom he must contend ? encount'ring fierce

The Solymæan sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With painim blood effus'd ; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe : but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy prince ! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd ! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo ! how the Noric plains, thro' thy default,
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince,
Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd ;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous, desolation reigns,
And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow, and the orphan strole around
The desert wide ; with oft retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, e're manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous ; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease

Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy Albion ! from the world disjoin'd
By heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace !
Learn from thy neighbour's miseries to prize
Thy welfare ; crown'd with nature's choicest gifts,
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war
Depopulation, void alone of fear,
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife ;
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic, or Austrian ; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar : the natives, dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
'Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege,
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild Latian shore : what sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd ! how many widows curse
His cleaving faulchion ! fertile soil in vain !
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of heav'n ! or huge Taburnus, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battel mows
The planters, with their harvest immature ?
See, with what outrage from the frosty north,

The early valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers ; on mutual slaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway ? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice ? the English, undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submit obey
Whom heav'n ordains supreme, with rev'rence due,
Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure.
From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou Anna rulest, prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good ; to thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and pow'r
Sue for relief ; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfid'd ; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rook, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine, behold ! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms ; at his near approach
The Gallic navy impotent to bear
His volley'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud

And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen, reserv'd by fate to grace
The new-born age ; what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
Mountain sublime, that cast a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves !
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious ; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy, refin'd
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou with thy own content, not for thy self,
Subduest regions ; generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage ; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen, since in thy realms secure
Of peace, thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd ; still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous ; say who

Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
By thy decree ; the trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, least thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
Make them remember Bleinheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy pow'r, and justice ; jealousies and fears,
And hate infernal banisht shall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
Or Tartary, engend'ring discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth ; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love
Flourish in Europe. Hail Saturnian days
Returning ! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head ; ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs compleat,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world.

Thus from the noisy croud exempt, with ease,
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves ;
Sweet solitude ! where warbling birds provoke
The silent muse, delicious rural seat
Of Saint John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt ; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell ; but when return'd

Consummate peace shall rear her chearful head,
 Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
 For ever triumph ; latest times shall learn
 From such a Chief to fight, and Bard, to sing.

C Y D E R.

B O O K I.

—HONOS ERIT HUIC QUOQUE POMO? VIRG.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due
 To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
 Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
 Adventrous I presume to sing; of verse
 Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
 Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
 To whom propitious heav'n these blessings grants,
 Attend my lays; nor hence disdain to learn,
 How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.

And thou, O Moystin, whose benevolence
 And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
 To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
 Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
 May it a lasting monument remain
 Of dear respect; that, when this body frail

Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was blest'd in such a matchless friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring trees shou'd bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern ; to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills,
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds : but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs ;
Naught fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender feeds ; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds :
But, when the blackening clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchards smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and blest the heav'nly dew.

Next, let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore ;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
Without this necessary care, in vain

He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoycing in rich mold, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate, less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
The must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholsom draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy fault'ring tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th'unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,

To treat of spoufals : long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty ; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——Oh hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill ; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold : yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground : who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forfaking, to thy neighbours bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates ? if, therefore, thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success ;
Thus piteous heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.

But if (for nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil shou'd be with-held ;
If a penurious clay shou'd be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil ; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.

This naught is useless made ; nor is there land,
But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath

The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossie turf,
Sufficient ; after them the cackling geese,
close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What shou'd I more ? ev'n on the clifsy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby brouze
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of reending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gulf
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabour'd ; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fat'ning muck
Besmear the roots ; in vain ! the nursing grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster earth :
But, when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, despond not ; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th'industrious, when the sun in Leo rides,

And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimetal streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else, false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltring they run
To grotts, and caves; and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding shou'd be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim death, in different shapes,
Depopulates the nations, thousands fall
His victims, youths, and virgins, in their flower,

Reluctant die, and fighting leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heav'n destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood, and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :
Nor cou'd her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemp'rate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd,

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdu'd,
A spacious city stood, the firmest walls
Sure mounted, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontroul'd and free,
'Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submit,
She undemolish'd stood, and even till now
Perhaps had stood, of antient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd

Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose ; had not the heav'nly pow'rs averse
Decreed her final doom : for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted show'rs, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb : hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarean dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well built city, deem'd
Impregnable : th' infernal winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their full strength,
Collecting from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat ; old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks, and now the low'ring sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where shou'd they turn
Distress'd ? whence seek for aid ? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation ? vain were vows,

And plaints, and suppliant hands, to heav'n erect!
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick mood,
Run howling thro' the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easie way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Mean-while, the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; 'till, all their force
Consum'd, her ray'nous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is their found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mould'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks

The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeckt,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Coleworts rankness; but, with amorous twine,
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pæstian rose unfolds
Her bud, more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons,) and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber; when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
Caressees freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and th' Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasie, seated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs

All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore, weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Wouldst thou, thy vats with gen'rous juice should
Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees (froth?
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly sever; after, force
A way unto the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpl'd balls, ambrosial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think, the Quince and Apple wou'd combine
In happy union ; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive ? howe'er, what loss
To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange off-spring bear ?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms ; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace ;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each month
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's muse,
Thrice sacred muse ! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful : sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts ; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms, and waves,
Alone, in deep of night : then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Rhiphaean race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild ;

Stops pounded, hips, and Service' hardest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting, and in-eyeing ; when to lop
The flowing branches ; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel : she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare ; by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,
And secret motions ; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air ; to her we owe
The Indian weed, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasastry, and wine ; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of nature's hand
Least animal : and shows, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists ! but the hidden ways
Of nature wouldst thou know ? how first she frames
All things in miniature ? thy specular orb

Apply to well-dissected kernels ; lo !
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs : observe the slender threads
Of first-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd ; thou'lt wond'ring say,
An inmate orchard ev'ry apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock ; no way, or rule
Be unassay'd ; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, reclusè
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose ; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thy self ? and rather chuse
To lye supinely, hoping heav'n will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn-foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever : for the genial moisture, due

To apples, otherwise mispends it self
In barren twigs, and, for th' expected crop,
Naught but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little off-springs, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else, the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud thro' the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex

The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lyes,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbic draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd: but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom swarms; let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, 'till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls: such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou maist forbid external force,
 Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
 And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
 Of smallest fruits; and by unseen decay
 The proper realm vitiates: then the Grub
 Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
 Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
 Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
 Ceaseless; mean while the apple's outward form
 Delectable the witless swain beguiles;
 'Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
 He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
 Disrelish'd; not with less surprize, than when
 Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,
 With grain intentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
 In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' grove,
 The pride of the Phaeacian isle, from whence,
 Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
 To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
 The Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold, the Moist
 Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair Permain,
 Temper'd, like comeliest nymph, with red and white.
 Salopian acres flourish with a growth

Peculiar, styl'd the Otley: be thou first
This apple to transplant; if to the name
It's merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, entrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Russet, or the Cats-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth; for various use
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich desert?

What, tho' the pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconium products? yet her freight
Is not contempt'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent dog
Adverse to life; the wintry hurricanes
In vain imploy their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claim applause.
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,

Quaffing rich liquids ; oh ! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade !

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth ! that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage. loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy off-spring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts !
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, 'till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget :
Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant ; whose wine
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and with
The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-streak as supream ; whose pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primaeval interdicted plant, that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly muse
Kindles to loftier strains ; even I perceive

Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
All other fields ! heav'n's sweetest blessing, hail !
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice Nectar ; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What shou'd we wish for more ? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extreamest world ? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean ? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's tow'ring height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich must, nor let Tokay contend
For sov'ranty ; Phanaeus self must bow
To th' Ariconian vales : and shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lye idle, which, with fit manure,
Will largest usury repay, alone
Impower'd to supply what nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires ?
The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the gras ; three cubits high

The jointed herbage shoots, th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden Wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array !
Lo, how the arable with Barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect ! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice ; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound !
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heav'n aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chews verd'rous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing, as when an Emerald green enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the hearth is fed
With copious fuel ; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasant's fell'd,

Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
Awe the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Baetic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's filken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days,
The Roman Legions, and great Caesar found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandois' stem,
High Chandois, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble off-spring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thy self
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate; and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,

Him hardy Britons blest ; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls : yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the muse's fairest seat,
Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care ; he generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues : by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art preeminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail high-born peer ! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer, and Bromley, thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred off-spring ; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train ;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,

To Beaufort, in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters : in him centring meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allûrements. O illustrious prince !
O thou of antient faith ! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrolls.

Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days ? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests ; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old : mean-while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine ;
And with thy name to dignifie my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Sollicitous of publick good ? how large
His mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To old, or present time ; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill ? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,

Preventing suit? O not unthankful muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues,
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magick of their eyes: nor hath
The daedal hand of nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch, so base of mind,
That woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of heaven? he ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race: but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the females praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour. O, ye gods, might I

Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair, and modest virgin that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heav'nly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd : but if the stars
Malignant, these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity ; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness, and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd !——O thou ! from whom
Gladly both rich, and low seek aid ; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breaths equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason ; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsafe, when to the gates of death
I tended prone ? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd ; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd : but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night, and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous ; but nor night, nor day suffice
For that great task ; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts

Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts, and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of antient friendship, cancel nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
For rule, and power; and other's realms invade,
With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable; th' honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestements, labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazle the croud, and set them all agape;

Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectre's grisly forms,
Daemons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep, sincere.
When chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race : or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life ; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread,
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust, and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes
Except his own, his own employs his cares,
Large subject ! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
And baits of pompous Rome secure ; at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself ;
Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phoebus, nor less fit Maconides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spencer liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm : yet not debas'd his verse
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,
Oh, had but he that first ennobled song
With holy raptures, like his Abdiel been ;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd !
But he——however, let the muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

C Y D E R,

B O O K II.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
 Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
 Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
 In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
 Lament thy absence ? whilst in sweet sojourn
 Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome ; or what,
 Unrival'd authors by their presence, made
 For ever venerable, rural seats,
 Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn
 Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
 Respecting his great name, dost now approach
 With bended knee, and strow with purple flow'rs ;
 Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
 This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
 Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
 And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite
 Thirst of preeminence ; see ! how the cause
 Of widows, and of orphans he asserts

With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Mean-while (altho' the Massic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors : lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cyder ; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the muse,
That, passing lands, and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees : the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst heav'n ? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind, fatigu'd,
Unyokes his team ; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime, the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure ; think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed : if the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas ! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or cheque ; uncertain all his toil,

'Till lusty autumn's luke-warm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours ; autumn, to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd plums, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell ;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut.
And the pine's tasteful apple : autumn paints
Ausonian hills with grapes, whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean !
Soft whisp'ring airs, and the lark's matten song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! but ah,
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours. Inclement winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year ! trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreery storms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time ; ere hasty suns forbid

To work, disburthen thou thy sapless Wood
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor ; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder : now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile fallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining, not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd
Has drain'd the pulposus mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy hulks in water, and again employ

The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-Cheese, tho' quite exhaust ;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants ; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd !

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lye,
The prey of worms : a frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
By endless culture, with sufficient must
His casks replenish yearly : he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
'Till the damp Lybian wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove : o'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature : yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars ; but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths

Of tedded grafts, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what, the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watry turneps have debas'd their wines;
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brags, steaming with fire intense;
Altho' Devonian much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as over-took
A miser, that unjustly once with-held
The clergy's due, relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successless care;
Early, and late, when, or unwisht for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist

His execrable glebe : recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the promise of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide : the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars explain
Each rising dawn ; ere icy crulls surmount
The current stream, the heav'nly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd : now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades
Offensive to the birds, sulphureous death
Checques their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
O'er-takes their speed ; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcocks early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest ; he of times
Intelligent, th' harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters ; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd foil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his num'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows : O, may'st thou often see.
Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain,
Nutricious ! secret nitre lurks within

The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind ; the orchat loves to wave
With winter-winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads ; the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinthians, now the Rasps supply
Delicious draughts ; the Quinces now, or Plums,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines ; the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wou'dst brew ;
Besides the orchat, ev'ry hedge, and bush
Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth distills
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask't meads,

Unforc'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper from her shore !
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd,) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgae, sedulous, and stout,
With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernell-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes ! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant chimes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petfora, and Islandic coasts ?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract, spontaneous yield

A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabl'd to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thracias' gales,
Pining with Aequinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often-interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought !

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays ! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar ; then, at hand
The Lemmon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heav'nly drink !)

They with pneumatic engine, ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter ; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
No stay, nor rest, 'till the wide breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain, the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medly, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd ; as the show'ry arch,
With lifted colours gay, or, Azure, Gules,
Delights, and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry brede, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry Vines

Affum'd the flavour ; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product ; this, to Gauls, has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne ; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder-cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades :
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
It's earthy gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex ; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
Darts thro' a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :

So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fubil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles funny-red :
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient ; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve ; the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire compleat perfection ; now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Softened by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink ! ye honest men beware,

Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And thro' intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature,
Now call for vent, his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoaking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh, and rural jest resounds,
Ease, and content, and undissembled love
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When fullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unuplanted feet.

Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie dawn
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine ;
His joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
Courage, and mirth : magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debarr'd his grape : the muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploing Phoebus, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd : with vehement furs
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of fev'rish heats ! when th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters froze,
Beware th' inclement heav'ns ; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs ; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine

The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities ; now sportive youth
Carol incoadite rhythms, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy swains
In clean array, for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels ; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mein,
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses ; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Mean while, blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels ; these among,
A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds, (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets, nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest : when the Gothic crown

Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burthens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarate their languid minds, within
The golden Mean confin'd : beyond, there's nought
Of health, or pleasure, therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation ; forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant :
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore, and cyder flow : what shall we say
Of rash Elphenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent ? him, death's iron-sleep oppress'd,
Descending careless from his couch ; the fall

Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with July-heats
Frys the scorch'd soil, and dropfy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how with lust, and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls,
At feasting hour. Ye heav'nly pow'rs! that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups: may we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood, too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of other's rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what hero's, signaliz'd
For loaylty, and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granvill, dauntless sons of Mars,

Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race !
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith, or duty, or allegiance sworn ?
Apostate, atheist rebels ! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence ; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd ! O Charles ! O best of kings !
What stars their black, disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shoud'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme, and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those, thy mercy only wou'd have sav'd !
Yet was the cyder-land unstain'd with guilt ;
The cyder-land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base, disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy ; but, ah ! successful she,
However faithful ! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
'Tyrannic sway, 'till fair-revolving years

Our exil'd kings, and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings : here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious : from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion ! sever'd from the world
By nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in one supreme
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy, but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur, multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal : for now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault ; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havock, and dismay, 'till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion : thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern :
'Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half year night, the orient beam
Of Phoebus' lamp) arose, and into one

Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love; at ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods, and vales,
In uncouth rythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lyon-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north, to Jury's hallow'd plains!
Piously valiant, (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking away impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle; and o'er-threw
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage; no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangl'd behind: the Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right with-held,
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent Gauls

Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English ! one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts : eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' off-spring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce ; the mighty force
Of Edward, twice o'erturn'd their desperate king,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock :
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited ; pursu'd, in the sad chace
Ten thousands ignominious fall ; with blood
The vallies float : great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince ! whom, fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissention spring ; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'ran sway ; (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds ?) but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship ; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge : now horrid slaughter reigns ;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood, the twanging bows

Sends showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amast: with dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lye gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courfers; horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd
Unrespited: ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord: now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy, and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wife alliance; from thee James descends,
Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first Britannic king.
To him alone, hereditary right
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,

In laws and int'rest diverse, still pursu'd
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Cou'd aught avail, 'till prudent Anna said
Let there be UNION; strait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws, and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
Or who sustain their force; in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? at this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule; uncontrol'd
The British navy thro' the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric gold; mean-while the swains
Shall unmolested reap, what plenty strows
From well stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well blended streams,

The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms ; where-e'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cyder born
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

F I N I S.



PASTORALS

B Y

MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

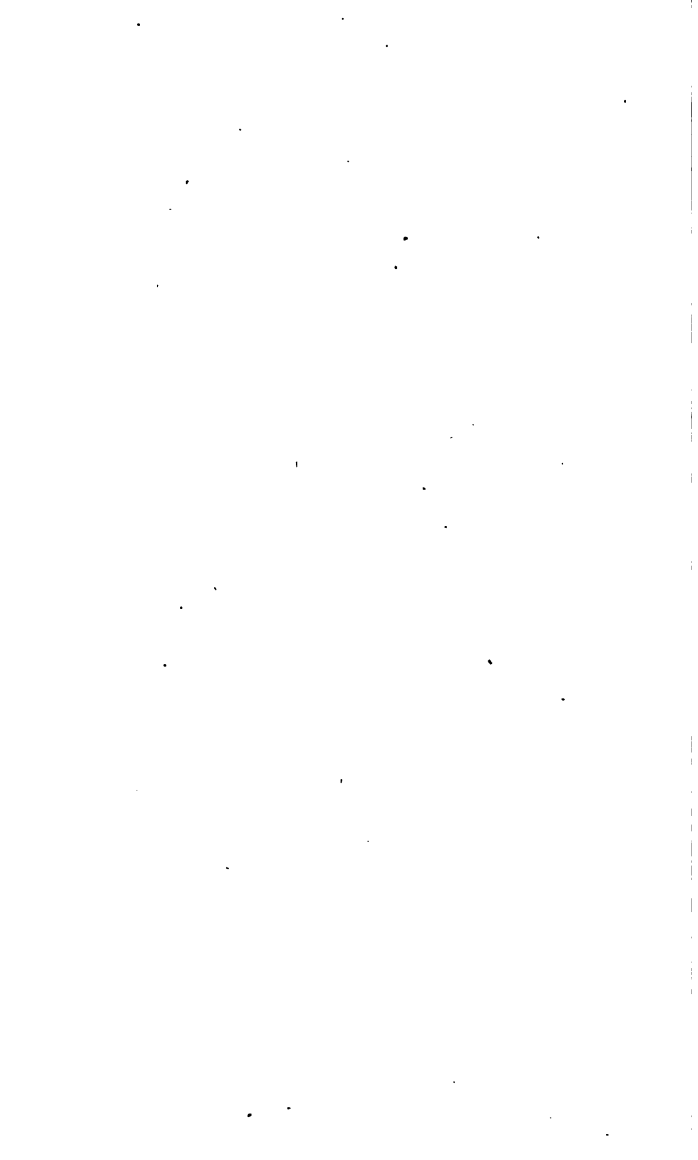
Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Virg. Ecl. 6.

G L A S G O W :

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M,DCC.LXIII.



P R E F A C E.

IT is strange to think, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how *pastoral poetry* comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller poems: Virgil and Spencer made use of it as a prelude to *heroic poetry*. But I fear the innocence of the subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no sort of poetry, if well wrought, but gives delight. And the *pastoral* perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in painting, so I believe, in poetry, the country affords the most entertaining scenes, and most delightful prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tells us, that Piereſkius was a great lover of musick, especially that of birds; because their artless strains seem to have less of passion and violence, but more of a natural easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend contemplation. It is after the same manner that Pastoral gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epick and Tragick poem put the spirits in too great a ferment by the vehemence of their motions.

To see a stately, well built palace strikes us, indeed, with admiration, and swells the soul, as it were, with notions of grandeur. But when I view a little country dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a

beautiful variety of fields, woods, and rivers, I feel an unspeakable kind of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good fortune would place me in so sweet a retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spencer, are the only writers, that seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral poems; So that it will be honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my attempt.

T H E
F I R S T P A S T O R A L.

L O B B I N.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the city throng
To meditate in shades the rural song
By your commands ; be present : and, O, bring
The muse along ! the muse to you shall sing.
Begin——a shepherd boy, one ev'ning fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
When as his sheep within their fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent ;
So pitiful, that all the starry throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful song.

Ah well a day ! how long must I endure
This pining pain ? or who shall work my cure ?
Fond love no cure will have ; seeks no repose ;
Delights in grief ; nor any measure knows.
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
The twinkling stars are lighted in the skies ;
The winds are hush'd ; the dews distil ; and sleep
With soft embrace has seiz'd my weary sheep,
I only, with the prouling wolf, constrain'd
All night to waste. With hunger is he pain'd,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame :
But who in love can stop the growing flame ?

Whilome did I, all as this pop'lar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
'Mong rustick routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make 'till Lobbin came.
Who better seen, than I, in shepherds arts,
To please the lads and win the lasses hearts?
How deffly to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet?
And, when the dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn?
For, many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chace the lingring fun adown the sky.
But, ah! since Lucy coy has wrought her spite
Within my heart; unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly; and all alone
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.

Oh quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
E're, ling'ring long, I perish thro' despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind,
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair our youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay;
And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The flow'rs a new returning seasons bring;
But beauty faded has no second spring.

My words are wind! she, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.

Like frisking heifers, loose in flow'ry meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving fancy leads ;
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!
While, wing'd with scorn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies indeed : but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
Ah turn thee then ! unthinking damsel ! why,
Thus from the youth, who loves thee, should'st thou fly ?
No cruel purpose in my speed I bear :
'Tis all but love ; and love why should'st thou fear ?
What idle fears a maiden breast alarm !
Stay, simple girl ! a lover cannot harm.

Two kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear ;
Like tender buds their shooting horns appear.
A lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
As my fond heart could wish my scornful dame.
A garland , deck'd with all the pride of May,
Sweet as thy breath, and as thy beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing pains ?
The gifts alike, and giver she disdains.

O would my gifts but win her wanton heart !
O could I half the warmth I feel impart !
How would I wander every day to find
The ruddy wildings ! were but Lucy kind,
For grossy plumbs I'd climb the knotty tree,
And of fresh honey rob the thrifty bee :
Or if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin shalt possess.

Fair is my flock ; nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not : and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us ? yet show
The bord'ring flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.
O come, my love ! nor think th' employment mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean ;
To drive a-field by morn the fat'ning ewes,
E're the warm sun drinks up the cool dew.
How would the crook beseem the beauteous hand !
How would my younglins round thee gazing stand !
Ah witless younglins ! gaze not on her eye,
Such heedless glances are the cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end ;
Or if kind love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy you may take
Your rest, tho' nightly thus your master wake.

Now, to the waning moon, the nightingale
In doleful ditties told her piteous tale.
The love-sick shepherd list'ning found relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief :
Till by degrees her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

T H E
S E C O N D P A S T O R A L.

T H E N O T. C O L I N E T.

T H E N O T.

TH Y cloudy looks why melting thus in tears,
Unseemly, now that heav'n so blithe appears ?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ?
Hear how the lark and linnet jointly sing !
Their notes soft-warb'ling to the gladsome spring.

C O L I N E T.

Tho' soft their notes, not so my wayward fate :
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet in my state.
Each creature to his proper task is born ;
As they to mirth and musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
And with my tears increase the falling dew.

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain ;
Or who may then the weight of age sustain,
When, as our waining strength does daily cease,
The tiresome burthen doubles its increase ?
Yet tho' with years my body downwards tend,
As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend ;

My mind a chearful temper still retains,
 Spite of my snowy head and icy veins :
 For, why should man at crosses mishaps repine,
 Sour all his sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?
 But speak : for much it may relieve thy woe
 To let a friend thy inward ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, Thenot, a whole day,
 Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thy ewes will wander, and thy heedless lambs
 With loud complaints require their absent dams.

THENOT.

There's Lightfoot, he shall tend them close ; and I,
 'Twixt whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end :
 Scarce does one smiling hour my youth attend.
 Tho' few my days, as my own follies show,
 Yet all those days are clouded o'er with woe :
 No gleam of happy sun-shine does appear,
 My low'ring sky, and wintry days, to cheer,
 My piteous plight, in yonder naked tree,
 That bears the thunder roar, too well I see :
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms and sport of ev'ry wind :
 Its riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring,
 Nor any birds among the branches sing.

No more beneath thy shade shall shepherds throng
 With merry tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
 Unhappy tree ! and more unhappy I !
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

T H E N O T.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen hour wast born,
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn ;
 Or when the moon, by witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
 Thro' sad eclipse a various train of woes.
 Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

C O L I N E T.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill ?

T H E N O T.

Nor wolf, nor fox, nor rot amongst our sheep ;
 From these the shepherd's care his flock may keep :
 Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails ;
 Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

C O L I N E T.

Ah me the while ! ah me the luckless day !
 Ah luckless lad ! the rather might I say,
 Unhappy hour ! when first, in youthful bud,
 I left the fair Sabrina's silver flood :
 Ah silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flow'ry banks I once did keep.
 Sweet are thy banks ! oh when shall I once more
 With longing eyes review thy flow'ry shore ?
 When, in the crystal of thy water, see
 My face, grown wan with care and misery ?

When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with fod?
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

THE NOT.

And what the cause that drew thee first away?
 From thy lov'd home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd desire strange lands and swains to know:
 Ah God! that ever I should covet woe!
 With wand'ring feet unblest'd and fond of fame,
 I fought I know not what, besides a name.

THE NOT.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
 In hopes of wealth, thou cou'd'st not find at home?
 A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in flatt'ring hopes of gain,
 To drive my pining flock athwart the plain
 To distant Cam: fine gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to my self such deal of woe!
 My sheep quite spent thro' travel and ill fare,
 And, like their keeper, ragged grow and bare:
 Here, on cold earth to make my nightly bed,
 And on a bending willow rest my head.
 'Tis hard to bear the pinching cold with pain,
 And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain;

But neither want, nor pinching cold is hard,
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd :
 Unkind as hail it falls, whose pelting show'rs
 Destroy the tender herb and budding flow'rs.

THE NOT.

Slander, we shepherds count the greatest wrong;
 For, what wounds forer than an evil tongue ?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, who pleasure take in spite,
 Make mock of all the ditties I endite.
 In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
 Charms ev'ry vale, and gladdens ev'ry hill :
 In vain thou seek'st the cov'rings of the grove,
 In the cool shades to sing the heats of love :
 No passion, but rank envy, canst thou move.
 Sing what thou wilt, ill nature will prevail ;
 And ev'ry elf has skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my vein,
 Menalcas seems to like my simple strain ;
 And long as he is pleas'd to hear my song,
 That to Menalcas does of right belong ;
 Nor night, nor day, shall my rude musick cease ;
 I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

THE NOT.

Menalcas, lord of all the neighb'ring plains,
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns.
 For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,
 And chuse the fattest firstling from the fold.

He, good to all, that good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And with due praise reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First then shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid river cease to flow,
E're I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT,

This night thy cares with me forget ; and fold
Thy flock with mine, toward th' injurious cold.
Sweet milk and clotted cream, soft cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's board,
Shall be our ev'ning fare : and for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, that gentle sleep invite.
And now behold the sun's departing ray
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day.
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow,
And unyok'd heifers, pacing homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Dorick reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus name he grac'd his song;
And Spencer, when amidst the rural throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made ev'ry sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on ev'ry tree was found.
Since then, thro' Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle in full pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender musick raise,
And teach the vocal valkies Anna's praise.
Mean time on oaken pipe a lowly lay,
While my kids brouze, 'obscure in shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while Dorset thinks not scorn
To visit woods; and swains ignobly born.

Two country swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship's mutual bonds united long,
Retir'd within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun,
A melancholy thought possess'd their mind:
Revolving now the solemn day they find,

When young Albino dy'd. His image dear
Bedews their cheek with many a trickling tear ;
To tears they add the tribute of their verse ;
These Angelot, those Palin did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus yearly circling by past times return ;
And yearly thus Albino's fate we mourn :
Albino's fate was early, short his stay ;
How sweet the rose ! how speedy the decay !

Can we forget how ev'ry creature moan'd,
And sympathizing rocks in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times ?
The pride of Britain, and the darling joy
Of all the plains and ev'ry shepherd boy.
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherds found upon the grassy green ;
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drunk the flood,
No birds were heard to warble thro' the wood.

In yonder gloomy grove stretcht out he lay,
His beauteous limbs upon the dampy clay,
The roses on his pallid cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his lips a livid hue display'd :
Bleating around him lye his pensive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come in crouds to weep ;
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd ;
Ye, conscious trees and fountains can attest

With what sad accents, and what moving cries
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And ev'ry star upbraided with his death,
When in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasp'd her son. Nor did the nymph for this
Place in her dearling's welfare all her bliss,
And teach him young the Sylvan crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.

As milk-white swans on silver streams do show,
And silver streams to grace the meadows flow ;
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou to thine an ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains ;
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And over empty sheaves in harvest sweat :
A thin increase our wholly substance yield,
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.

How all our hopes are fled, like morning dew !
And we but in our thoughts thy manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow ?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
And share the sacred honours of her praise :
In foreign fields to purchase endless fame,
And add new glories to the British name.

O peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest !
And flow'ry turf lie light upon thy breast ;

Nor shrieking owl, nor bat fly round thy tomb,
Nor midnight fairies there to revel come.

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain;
Albino lives, and all our tears are vain.
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bless the fields, and rule the simple swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the golden skies no longer frown,
The planets shine indulgent on our isle,
And rural pleasure round about us smile.
Hills, dales and woods with shrilling pipes resound;
The boys and virgins dance with garlands crown'd;
And hail Albino blest: the vallies ring
Albino blest: O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip, that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet and garden rose:
Your hamlets strew, and ev'ry publick way,
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
My self will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the goblet, flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing;
And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.
To thee these honours yearly will we pay,

When we our shearing feast and harvest keep,
To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.
While mallow kids and endive lambs pursue ;
While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew ;
While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE
FOURTH PASTORAL.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS place may seem for shepherds leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their head.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
Its balmy sweats around on all beneath !
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head.
Lo here the king-cup, of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daisies white, and endive blue,
Hark how the gaudy gold-finch, and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush !
In pleasing comforts all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various song to join.
Up, Argol, then ; and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or vocal musick try :
And, since our ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lie round and listen, while their lamkins play.

ARGOL.

The place indeed gives pleasure to the eye ;
And pleasure works the finger's fancy high :

The fields breathe sweet; and now the gentle breeze
Moves ev'ry leaf, and trembles thro' the trees.
So sweet a scene ill suits my rugged lay,
And better fits the musick thou canst play.

MICO.

No skill of musick can I, simple swain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain;
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my sheep and me,
Yet Colinet (and Colinet has skill)
My fingers guided on the tuneful quill,
And try'd to teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah Mico! half my flock would I bestow,
Would Colinet to me his cunning show.
So trim his sonnets are, I prithee swain,
Now give us once a sample of his strain:
For, wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay:
The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse,
And ask what gift thou pleasest for thy verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse;
A mournful song becomes a mournful muse.
Fast by a river, on a bank he sat,
To weep a lovely maid's untimely fate,

Fair Stella hight : a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept ; a faithful shepherd he.

Awake my pipe ; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

O woful day ! O day of woe ! quoth he ;
And woful I, who live the day to see !
That ever she could die ! O most unkind,
To go, and leave thy Colinet behind !
And yet, why blame I her ? full fain would she,
With dying arms, have clasp'd her self to me :
I clasp'd her too ; but death was all too strong,
Nor vows, nor tears, could fleeting life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep ;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow winds to sigh ;
And let my sorrows teach me how to die :
Nor flock, nor stream, nor winds, can e'er relieve
A wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake my pipe ; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas ! the fading glories of your eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize :
For, tho' your beauty rule the silly swain,
And in his heart like little queens you reign ;

Yet death will even that ruling beauty kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.
If either musick's voice, or beauty's charm,
Could make him mild, and stay his lifted arm;
My pipe her face, her face my pipe should save,
Redeeming thus each other from the grave.
Ah fruitless wish ! cold death's up-lifted arm
No musick can persuade nor beauty charm :
For see (O baleful sight !) see where she lies !
The budding flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake my pipe ; in ev'ry note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet ! what boots thee now
To weave fresh garlands for the damsel's brow ?
Throw by the lilly, daffadil and rose ;
One of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful henbane, deadly night-shade drest ;
A garland, that may witness thy unrest.
My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak :
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall by day delight,
Nor nightingale divert my moan by night ;
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle shepherd sing,
And heavy woe within soft numbers bring :

And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

O Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verse subdue the list'ning ear!
Not half so sweet are midnight winds, that move
In drowsie murmurs o'er the waving grove;
Nor dropping waters, that in grotts distil,
And with a tinkling sound their caverns fill:
So sing the swans, that in soft numbers waste
Their dying breath, and warble to the last:
And next to thee shall Mico bear the bell,
That can repeat thy peerless verse so well.

But see; the hills increasing shadows cast:
The sun, I wean, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly rays but glimmer thro' the wood,
And blueish mists arise from yonder flood,

MICO.

Then send our curs to gather up the sheep:
Good shepherds with their flocks betimes should sleep:
For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard like, till noon-day snoring lyes,
While in their folds his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

T H E
F I F T H P A S T O R A L,

CUDDY.

IN rural strains we first our musick try,
And, bashful, into woods and thickets fly,
Distrustful of our skill. Yet, if thro' time
Our voice improving gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackvil, shall engage
My riper verse, and my more settled age.

The sun now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray,
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak, wide-spreading, made.
What should they do to pass the loit'ring time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains of love,
And some to set our strange adventures strove;
The trade of wizzards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence to charm such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel,
In neat device ?) his tale began to tell.

When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign !
There liv'd in great esteem a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout ; who well could pipe and sing ;
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.

He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In silent shade, without a rival play'd.
Drawn by the magick of th' enticing sound,
What crouds of mute admirers flock'd around !
The steerlings left their food ; and creatures wild
By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the birds in troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring branches with his song.

Among the rest, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came.
She turn'd her ear ; and emulous, with pride,
Like echo, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
The shepherd heard with wonder ; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain.
To all his various strain she shapes her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
If Colin in complaining accents grieves,
Or brisker motion to his measure gives ;
If gentle sounds he modulates, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his song :
But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
His pipe and skill so much by others priz'd,
And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks, said he, what praises can I find
To equal thy melodious voice ? in thee
The rudeness of my rural life I see ;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my skill.

Aloft in air she sat provoking still

The vanquish'd swain : provok'd at last, he strove
To shew the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost art : if so some small esteem
He might obtain, and credit lost, redeem.
He draws in breath, his rising breast to fill ;
Thro' all the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
From note to note in haste his fingers fly ;
Still more and more his numbers multiply ;
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change, with sweet surprize.

Attentive she does scarce the sounds retain,
But to her self first cons the puzzling strain ;
And tracing careful note by note, repays
The shepherd, in his own harmonious lays ;
Thro' ev'ry changing cadence runs at length,
And adds in sweetness, what she wants in strength.

Then Colin threw his life disgrac'd aside ;
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest. What could Colin more ?
A little harp of maple ware, he bore :
The harp it self was old, but newly strung,
Which usual he a-cross his shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
He said ; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
No trivial artist. And at that he wound
The murr'ring strings, and order'd ev'ry sound.
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both his hands upon the strings extends.

The strings obey his touch, and various move,
The low'r answ'ring still to those above.
His restless fingers traverse to and fro,
And in pursuit of harmony they go ;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds, that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command :
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace :
Then, intricate he blends agreeing sounds,
While musick thro' the trembling harp abounds.

The double sounds the nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, she does her troubled spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents, here and there.
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung.
She, with the fatal love of glory strung,
Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell ;
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes that tell
Her bitter anguish. He, still singing, plies
His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the grove, in musick bore ?
She droops, and hangs her flagging wings, and moans,
And fetches from her breast melodious groans.
Oppress'd with grief at last, too great to quell,
Down breathless on the guilty harp she fell.

Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
And, best to make atonement for the ill,
(If for such ~~in~~ atonement might be made)
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade:
Then adds a verse, and sets with flow'rs the ground;
And makes a fence of winding osiers round:
A verse and tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy name at least, he said, shall live.

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
And by his tale unenvy'd praises won.

T H E .

SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the sea ; behold ; how calm the sky !
And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly !
My goats, secure from harm, no tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed :
And here below, the banky shore along
Your heifers graze : and I to hear your song
Dispos'd. As eldest, Hobbinol, begin ;
And Lanquet's under-song by turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their skill,
Or kid, or lamb, or goat, or what they will ;
For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside :
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend :
Unbias'd he, to both is equal friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys, and vary well your song ;
Nor fear, from Geron's upright sentence, wrong,

A boxen haut-boy, loud, and sweet of sound;
 All varnish'd and with brazen ringlets bound,
 I to the victor give: no small reward,
 If with our usual country pipes compar'd.

H O B B I N O L.

The snows are melted, and the kindly rain
 Descends on ev'ry herb, and ev'ry grain;
 Soft balmy breezes breath along the sky:
 The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

L A N Q U E T.

The cuckoo tells aloud her painful love;
 The turtle's voice is heard in ev'ry grove:
 The pastures change, the warbling linnets sing:
 Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring

H O B B I N O L.

When locusts in the scaryn bushes cry,
 When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lye;
 Then graze in woods, and quit the burning plain;
 Else shall ye press the spongy seat in vain.

L A N Q U E T.

When greens to yellow vary, and you see
 The ground bestrew'd with fruits of ev'ry tree,
 And stormy winds are heard; think winter near,
 Nor trust too far to the declining year.

H O B B I N O L.

Full fain, O blest Eliza! would I praise
 Thy maiden rule, and Albion's golden days.

Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherds friend :
Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves
The country muse, and our delightful groves ;
While Anna reigns. O ever may she reign !
And bring on earth a golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in secret all a beauteous maid,
And have my love in secret all repaid.
This coming night she does reserve for me :
Divine her name ; and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say,
Divine her name : and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a cowslip bank, my love and I,
Together lay : a brook ran murm'ring by.
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft, endearing words did she not say ?
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters gently flow ;
Shield her, ye trees ; ye flowers around her grow ;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss.
Condemn me shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by ;
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong eye :
Then swift beneath the chrystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green ;
Intent upon her beauties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest ;

Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come Rosalind, O come ! for without thee,
What pleasure can the country have for me ?
Come Rosalind, O come ! my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come Rosalind, O come ! here shady bow'rs,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come Rosalind : here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow ;
There is no herb, no season, may remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts and goblins order as I will ;
Yet have, with all my charms, no pow'r to lay
The sprite, that breaks my quiet night and day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like Colin I had skill in rhymes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times !
Sweet Colin Clout ! who never yet had peer,
Who sung thro' all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me like Wrenock sing; his voice had pow'r
To free the clipping moon at midnight hour :
And, as he sung, the fairies, with their queen,
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are ;
And both with Colin may in rhyme compare.
A boxen haut-boy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock : and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shore-ward the vessel strive ;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

F I N I S.



